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The BYSTANDER

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GERMANY—*continued.*

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Geneva.—The Regina.—Up-to-date—on Lake. Centre Open Air Rest. overlkg lake & City. Incl. Price 15s., with priv. bath 17s. 6d.

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The Bystander, May 15, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1587. Vol. CXXII.

THE COUNTESS OF NORTHESK

Bassano

Lady Northesk is well known in the dog world as a breeder of dachshunds, and persuaded seven of the pick of her kennel to face the camera with her. Every dachshund-breeder is kept busy nowadays, for the intelligent and fastidious little "sausage dog," having become as fashionable and popular as cockers and Alsatians have hitherto been, is in enormous demand. Lady Northesk, before her marriage in 1929, was Miss Elizabeth Vlasto, and is the daughter of Mr. Anthony A. Vlasto, of Binfield Park, Bracknell. She and her husband live at Cedar House, Twyford

Piccadilly Picture Show

A Private-View Day Selection Outside Burlington House

Captain and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley leaving Burlington House. Mrs. Wellesley, was looking as attractive as in her Academy portrait; she was painted by H. J. Gunn, in a long velvet dress, with wide, fur-trimmed sleeves

The Ashfield sisters, the Hon. Mrs. Barford and the Hon. Mrs. Rutland, were escorted by Mr. Edward Barford

Mr. and Mrs. Cowan Dobson went to the Private View. Mr. Dobson has a portrait of Earl Beatty in the Exhibition

Mrs. David Denton and the Duke of Wellington arriving together to see how the year's pictures look in the Academy

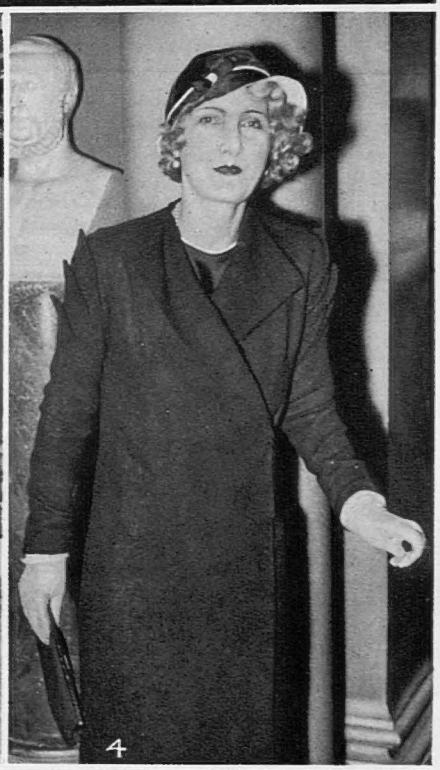
Mrs. Forester Agar and Sir Herbert Morgan included the Private View in their list of week-end engagements

Lady Spencer arrived in a neat dress, with a fur round her shoulders, but Lord Fairhaven thought it was an overcoat day

Appeal Party

Helping a Hospital At Londonderry House

(1) The Hon. Averil Baird and Lady Ann Villiers were two of the débutantes there, some of whom acted as Maids of Honour to the Duchess of York when she arrived. (2) Lady Brougham and Vaux, Mrs. Antony Acton and Lady Anne Bridgeman. (3) Lady (Ian) Malcolm was at the party, which was in aid of the South London Hospital for Women. (4) Lady Forres was there, too. (5) Lady Listowel and the Hon. Brenda Pearson, whose wedding takes place quite shortly. (6) The Hon. Mrs. Anthony Murray, who organised the party. (7) Lord Pentland talking to Lady Illingworth



GOING OU

Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, and his youngest daughter, Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson, were at the Private View of the Royal Academy together

Left: Mrs. Gray Horton was also at the Private View, wearing a shiny black hat with a scarlet quill stuck jauntily in the front of it

Right: Miss Florence Desmond was at the Café de Paris with Mr. Beresford for supper after "Why Not To-Night?" was over. She wore an amusing little cape of white flowers

"Vo-de-o-do"

The Mills Brothers, the four coloured singers, who contrive to sound like a full dance band with only their voices and a guitar, are now at the May Fair

For those who derive their life's pleasure from visits to the Opera, gala performances under the patronage of Royalty, charity balls, privately viewing Royal Academies, and all the other gaieties incidental to the beginning of the London season (for about July these gaieties become rather part-worn), there can have been no week like the last. *Götterdämmerung* at Covent Garden, the King and Queen at the Command Performance at the Palladium, also at the Albert Hall for the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, the Licensed Victuallers' Defence League Conference at Scarborough, the Playing Fields' Ball at the Dorchester, sheep, horses, humans, and artists drawn by themselves, portrayed at Burlington House—it's all very thrilling. At the Royal Yacht Squadron Meeting, at Claridge's, black-balls buzzed about the ballot-box with their accustomed frequency; elderly members were dragged out of their castellated lairs to "pill" some unfortunate with whose grandfather's wife they had probably quarrelled in the 'seventies.

The Opera has been so good during its first fortnight, that its success for the rest of the season should be assured. Many Guinnesses and Courtaulds are to be seen there nightly, and, of course, Miss Nellie Rowe, who has sat in the front row of Covent Garden for many years. Captain Victor Cazalet, besides being a great enthusiast, is now taking an active part as a director of the Opera Syndicate. All ears are waiting to hear *Arabella* on Thursday night, as Richard Strauss's music is very popular here. Mr. Sidney Beer and Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson are often seen there. She is attractive and intelligent, in other words, un-Mayfair-ish.

In the cabaret world, we have the Mills Brothers at the May Fair, Sophie Tucker at the Café de Paris, and Beatrice Lillie, followed by Douglas Byng this week, at the Monseigneur. Here was seen Schiaparelli, fresh from her triumph with the new collection, at the opening of which one hundred and fifty attended, and another hundred were turned away. Among those who got in were Lady Portarlington, Florence Desmond, Ina Claire, and Mrs. Charles Cartwright, who has lately returned from America. It is said that she looks rather awe-inspiring: she does, until she talks to you, and then, if she is interested, all is well. Let us hope some of her famous parties in Curzon Street are in the offing. She and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston entertain largely "distinguished American visitors," who now look upon London as the "earthly social paradise." Paris has quite lost its position as such. Mr. Simon Marks has now left Lady Carnarvon's nursing home, where he had a crumb stuck in his throat; it may sound funny, but it was decidedly unfunny for poor Mr. Marks. Lady Mary Dunn is another invalid well on the way to recovery; she has a strong personality, although adopting rather a correctional attitude towards life. Miss Florence Scheftel is back here again, and

TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Miss Barbara Palmer at the 500 Club. She is just starting on her theatrical career, having passed brilliantly out of the R.A.D.A.

An impression of Sophie Tucker at a cocktail-party. She is singing at the Café de Paris every evening

"Soph"

Lord Tennyson, who will now live six months in the year in America, but, as he remarked to Colonel Freddie Cripps, "Must be over here for the cw-icket, old man." A real American "lovely" is Mrs. Harold Talbot, who is here with her husband, a member of the American polo team. Mrs. Talbot celebrated a "lovely belledom" in New York when she came out, and "budded beautifully." In other words, she was an attractive débutante. Prince George attended the party in Hyde Park Square given for Mrs. Marshall Field by the Beverley Bogerts, more American visitors. The party was what is termed "exclusive"—about seventy guests, including the Blandfords, de Traffords, Colin Buists, Mrs. Dudley Ward, and the Mills Brothers (to entertain).

HOROWITZ and Piatigorsky were the leading lights at the Gala Celebrity Concert at the Queen's Hall, given for Queen Charlotte's Hospital. Mrs. Ben Rubestein (Conchita Supervia) sang some Rossini arias, and was better in Spanish songs. Flowers arrived in abundance, some of them from Mr. Rubestein's many orchid-houses, for, in addition to being a timber-merchant, he has the usual side-line of providing Covent Garden (Market—or does he include the Opera House too?) with most of its orchids. Princess Beatrice, the Polish Ambassador, Lady Latta, Princess Blücher, Lady de la Warr, and Mrs. Constant Lambert—all noted in the audience.

MARLENE DIETRICH'S new film, at the Carlton, brings laughter at its Hollywood-isms. Marlene rarely looked happy, probably the Grand Duke's false teeth upset her. In one scene there was some hay; perhaps Sternberg was in it, for it was the only time she looked cheerful, as she hit it. Lady Juliet Duff, Lady Warrender, Owen Moore (Mary Pickford's first husband, whom nobody recognised), and Mrs. Esmond Harmsworth, who is a great Dietrich "fan," were in the audience. Lady Castlerosse took a long time to find her car, and then went away in it "un-adopted," as it says on country town streets.

MR. PEEPS

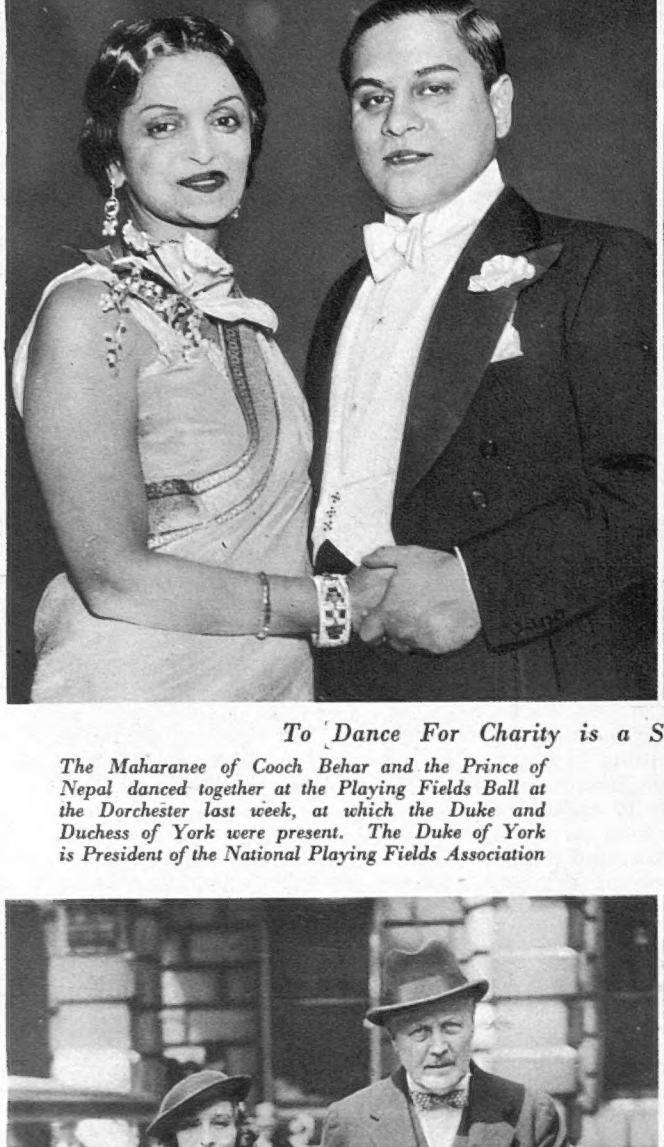
Woman to Woman

THE new consignment of "Les Girls" at the Dorchester are certainly good, but verdicts differ as to whether they are as good as the last lot or the very first lot of all. However, they are full of charm and sex-appeal, although someone did say that the first hour-and-a-half was the best: the programme is definitely too long. What does Lord Brecknock say? He was there, with Captain and Mrs. Nigel Gunnis, giving them the once-over and dancing in between whiles with Lady Alexandra Haig. Captain and Mrs. Jimmy Hennessy were there in a party. There 's a good-looking couple for you. Mr. and Mrs. Alistair Maynard, she looking most attractive in white lace and real orchids (there is no doubt about it, women like being bunched and only too few of our male attendants realise it), were in an enormous party, including, among others, Mrs. Violet Hirsch in peach and gold brocade; Mrs. Hart-Davies, in black and white, plus husband; Mr. Bill Hordern, sunburnt and needing a hair-cut, just back from Switzerland; and Mr. Jim Lawrence. Mrs. Charles Sweeny, who made her first public appearance that night, was wearing black lace and looking as lovely as ever; everybody was delighted to see her, and didn't hesitate to tell her so. She was with her husband and the Anthony Hornbys and Mr. Eddie Tatham. The entire Poulett family put in an appearance together; they are a very united family. Mr. Peter Thursby was with the David Staceys, sitting practically under the piano, which must have meant that they had tired tonsils next morning if they attempted to talk.

IN spite of innumerable counter-attractions, Beatrice Lillie still continues to draw a vast crowd at the Monseigneur. Mrs. Sweeny was out again there; she 'll be overdoing it if she isn't careful. This time she was in a large party with Sir Gerard and Lady Fiona Fuller, the latter in gold with long sleeves, and the former a study in black and white. Miss Patricia Corry, with a bandage on her right arm, was in the same party as was Mrs. Philip Kindersley, minus husband, looking very pretty, as is generally the way with her. In another party was her sister, Lady Dufferin, wearing an enormous blue tulle ruffle affair. Lady Alexandra Metcalf was alone with her husband, and looking particularly lovely in black velvet, which showed off her marvellous diamonds. Mr. and Mrs. Derek Hoyer-Millar didn't slip in unnoticed. We are told they are back in this country for good now, so we hope to see more of them. He is in the Diplomatic Service and they have been in Cairo for some time.

WHENEVER we lunch at the Ritz we see somebody worth seeing, and always Mrs. St. John Montague in black and bright red with a crown in her hat. On this particular day there were Mr. Philip de Lazlo and his wife in the same party as Mr. "Buster" Weber-Brown; a couple of blonde Lygon girls, Sibell and Mary, both in nigger brown; Miss Bunting Stephenson, with Major Campbell, telling all her friends what fun she had in Barcelona and other places. Miss Tilly Losch, looking most attractive, was greeted in the true French style by a foreign admirer when she arrived to complete Mr. Sydney Beer's party. Lord Duncannon we saw, and Lady Carisbrooke, in black, and that regular Ritz attendant, the Ranee of Sarawak, with an unmarried daughter. Lady Edmund Findlay, down from Scotland, probably to buy clothes for the Edinburgh festivities, was to be seen, dressed in navy blue, with a mandarin hat to match, and some of her many lovely jewels; she was with Mrs. Campbell, who found time to have a quick lunch before returning to work.

MRS. PEEPS



To Dance For Charity is a Seasonable Obligation: the Playing Fields Ball at the Dorchester Combined

The Maharanee of Cooch Behar and the Prince of Nepal danced together at the Playing Fields Ball at the Dorchester last week, at which the Duke and Duchess of York were present. The Duke of York is President of the National Playing Fields Association

Mrs. Gerard Leigh and Lord Westmorland were two more of the crowd of guests. Lord Derby and his daughter-in-law, Lady Stanley, were, respectively, president and chairman of the Ball, which set a very high standard for the other innumerable charity dances of the season to follow

All charity dances have side nowadays. Above is the Hon. competitor in one of these, under Blandford, whose wife was one Left: Mr. James Beck, doing

More "Socials" Who Went to See Themselves, Each Other and the Pictures at the Private

Sir William Davison, M.P., and Mrs. Frank Pershouse, whose portrait by the late Sir Frank Dicksee, P.R.A., was a sensation of the Academy of 1929

Comtesse Heneleers-Shenley arriving with Lady Delamere, whose portrait by John Hay is in the Academy. She sat for him in a jade-green dress

Sir Clive Morrison-Bell took daughter, Miss Sheelagh Mor She was wearing wine-red, with

Looking at London

Swaebe

Pleasure with Duty

shows and guessing competitions Mrs. Beck attempting to be a the stern handicapping of Lord of the party-hostesses for the Ball. his guessing with his eyes open

Below: Miss Virginia Graham, Miss Keith Fraser and Miss Marjory Glasgow at the concert for Queen Charlotte's Hospital, at which Supervia, Horowitz and Piatigorsky performed

Swaebe

Singers' Greeting

Richard Tauber shaking hands with Lili Pons at the Queen's Hall. The famous coloratura soprano made her first appearance in London last Sunday, when she gave a recital at the Albert Hall

View of the Royal Academy

s tall and good-looking son-Bell, with him. pink hat and blouse

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild leaving Burlington House after the exhaustive round of inspection they made on Private View day

Out Walking in Bond Street

Mr. "Chips" Channon and Lady Milbanke were photographed in Bond Street around lunch time. Lady Milbanke was wearing one of the first of the summer-size hats that have been seen about

A Racing Reverie

Here, There and Everywhere : By "Regular"

Ponies at the Park

Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord Willoughby de Broke, and Mrs. S. Bennett at the unsaddling enclosure, enjoying the pony-racing at Northolt

JUST after we had gone to press last week, I received the following note from Lord Carnarvon. "I 'm riding at Market Rasen next Monday—early notice is necessary, as your paper might be offended if you missed it."

I HAVE reproduced the above for two reasons: (1) to contradict the ridiculous rumour, current in some circles, that Lord Carnarvon and I are at daggers drawn; and (2) to provide an object-lesson to those who will laugh like the devil at a joke against somebody else, but turn it up properly when somebody tries to be funny at their expense.

LORD CARNARVON is, I think, without exception, the most enthusiastic racing man I know. He owns horses and he rides them; and he does *not* turn it up when people like myself have a little fun at his expense. If there were more like him, the lot of a racing journalist would be far easier.

As I had already arranged to go to Northolt, I was unable to make the journey to Market Rasen, to the bitter disappointment of the Mem, who is one of those people who love to be present on a big occasion.

IN the same way that, in company with the Mayor of Dover, people will wait on the pier all night when they hear that an intrepid swimmer has left Cap Gris Nez, the Mem, in company with his other fans, would have waited at the winning-post at Market Rasen for Lord Carnarvon.

THEY would, however, have had to wait a long time, as, owing to his Lordship having omitted to apply for his amateur permit, he was never allowed to start at all.

REALLY, it is extraordinary how people will exaggerate, and then get hold of the wrong end of the stick, and the following day a young man rushed into a club in Clifford Street, shouting: "Porchy's turned pro!"—so, at long last, we realised what the Aga Khan had been waiting for. With that foresight for which he is so justly famed, his Highness had foreseen the day when Lord Carnarvon would weary of his tilts against bumpers and would yearn to take on Gordon Richards.

BUT no, I regret I must disappoint you, and, speaking as one who has written more about his Lordship than any other journalist, I must flatly contradict the rumour, and explain the situation. Virgin jockeys, like you and I, can ride as amateurs without a permit until we have ridden ten winners. Lord Carnarvon has already won ten races, and therefore he had to apply for a permit, which he forgot to do.

GUINEAS WEEK ended in a blaze of glory with a victory for another odds-on favourite, in Campanula, in the One Thousand, and a success for our newly-elected steward of the Jockey Club, Sir Humphrey de Trafford, in the Culford Maiden Stakes, with Main Chance, well ridden by Bobby Jones.

I KNOW of no appointment which has given more universal satisfaction than Sir Humphrey's. He is the ideal man for the job, long years in the rôle of elder brother having fitted him for every emergency.

LADY DURHAM must have enjoyed the One Thousand immensely, as, from flagfall, it was always a pound to a bun that either her father, Sir George Bullough, or her husband would win the race; and the same thing looks like happening in the Oaks, though which it will be next time I haven't the slightest idea.

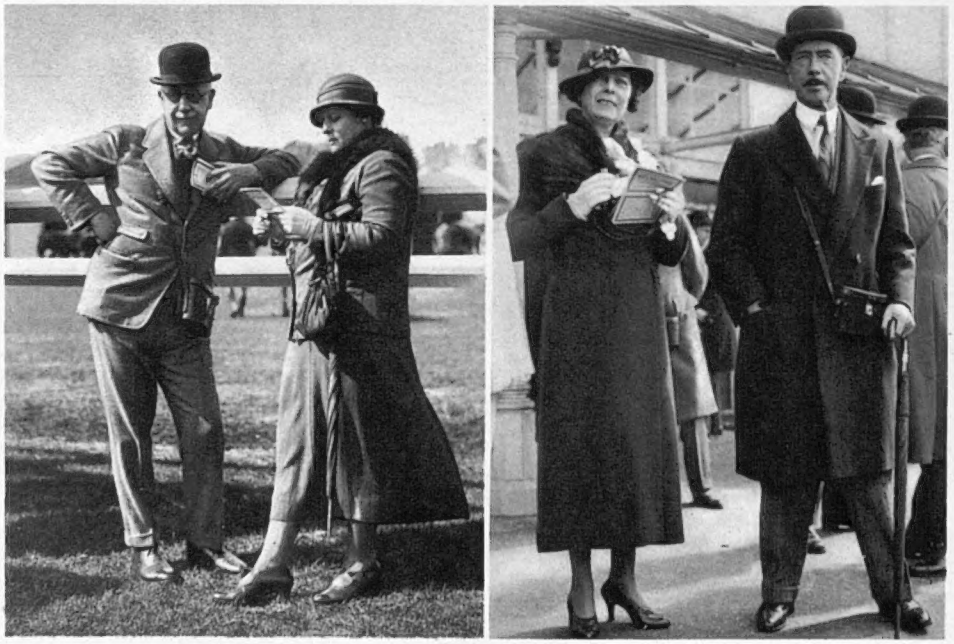
CAMPANULA, by her antics at the gate, nearly sent those of us who had laid the odds into a permanent decline, but, thanks to Captain Allison's patience and Harry Wragg's skill, she got off all right, and after that she did nothing wrong. Light Brocade put up a great fight, but I disagree that at any stage of the race she was going better than the winner, who, I thought, commanded her at every stage. If, however, Light Brocade makes the same improvement between the Guineas and the Oaks that she did between the Craven meeting and the Guineas, she would not only beat Campanula, but Colombo and Mr. Cobb's motor-car into the bargain.

EVERYONE seems to be racing mad at the moment and, with the exception of the post-war years, when everyone had a bonus, I have never seen such crowds. So many people were there at Hurst Park Victoria Cup day, that they had to put up the "House Full" boards outside the Members' car park.

ON this day the books got a bit of their own back, as they should do when the first race is won by a horse rejoicing in the name of Big Bad Wolf. The big race was won very easily by the gambled-on Alluvial, who thus atoned for his failure in the City and Suburban, for which race, I am credibly informed, he was much fancied, which seems strange, seeing that he barely gets a mile. The favourite, Fonab, was interfered with at the bend, and would have had to be a super-horse to have won in the circumstances. Fortunately for us backers, a horse called Knighted, which you may have heard of before, won the last race, proving once again that Mrs. Beatty is no mean judge of a plater.

LARGE as was the crowd at Hurst Park on the Saturday, it was even larger at Northolt on the Monday, where the best-looking woman was Mrs. Tony Belville, whom, I think, I have induced to keep a pony in training.

A YEAR or so ago, if you mentioned that you were going to spend Monday afternoon at Northolt, the effect was the same as if you said you were going to a thé dansant in Kennington. Nowadays, to say you 're not going to Northolt is the same as saying you 're not going to church on Sunday when you 're staying with the Bishop—it 's unthinkable.



Victoria Cup Day at Hurst Park

Major Durham Matthews, owner of Crumpets (unplaced), and Mrs. Durham Matthews

Sir Henry Lyons, owner of Scattercash, which was also unplaced, and Lady Lyons

Ski Heil!

The Kandahar Club Dinner at the Dorchester

Extreme left: Mrs. Dudley Ryder and Sir Claud Schuster, who is the President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and the author of several books on mountain sports. Left: Miss Angela Ely talking with Mr. Arnold Lunn, another great authority on all mountaineering subjects, and an ex-President of the Ski Club of Great Britain

Above: Mr. David Looker and Miss Tunie Kari-Davies were two of the younger generation of winter-sports enthusiasts at the dinner

Right: Mr. Riddell and Miss Kessler, who was sunburnt enough to have just arrived out of the snow-sunshine, sat next each other

Lady Holt-Wilson, whose husband, Sir Eric Holt-Wilson, is an ex-Vice-President of the Ski Club of Great Britain, and also a crack shot, is talking to Mr. H. Wilson Fox

Miss Sale-Barker, one of the best-known of women ski-ers, and Mr. Harold Mitchell, M.P., who is an International ski-er and represented Great Britain in races in 1929, 1931, and 1933

Westminster Whispers: Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

A FEW years ago Sir Oswald Mosley was taken seriously. He was called the Red Baronet of Birmingham. He was persona grata at Downing Street. It was only a question of time when he would become Prime Minister. Then came his resignation from office, the premature arrival and throttling at birth of the New Party, and, at last, the production in this country of the inevitable Black Shirt.

MEMBERS of Parliament were delighted. Mosley's Circus was a certain laugh-drawer; invaluable at public dinners. After a good meal the letters B.U.F. were capable of innumerable descriptions. Variations on the theme were popular, just the type of humour which is easily understood and appreciated. Enter Lord Rothermere, advance Sir Oswald. To-day Members aren't quite so happy as they were about him. Mr. Duff Cooper takes the Black Shirt seriously, suggests khaki as of finer texture. Rumours come of local organisations started in the constituencies. Is anyone's seat safe?—knowing the Fascist reputation for thoroughness.

BUT Mr. Maxton comes to the rescue. He is not to be outdone. His is one of the official Parties of the State—he never hesitates to say so. He, too, will put candidates into the field. Mr. Fenner Brockway is already at West Ham inveighing equally against official Socialists and National Tory. And the Conservative rank and file breathe again. For what they will lose on the roundabout Mosley they should gain from the Maxton swing.

WHILE his father has been getting the bird at the Royal Academy (which we much deplore), Mr. Malcolm MacDonald has been receiving, for his work with birds, a medal. The hobbies of politicians are worth studying, they are a key to a man's heart. But not to many of us is it given to win medals for our pleasure.

THE Under Secretary for the Dominions is a popular young man, and, apart from being his father's son, would have received office anyway. He is a contrast to his chief, Mr. J. H. Thomas, but they work together in the best team spirit so beloved of the Secretary of State and lyrically eulogised by Mr. Baldwin. And, into the bargain, Mr. Eddie Marsh graces the Party.

THE Dominions Office and the Colonial Office are next door to each other in the same building—first on the left as you go up Downing Street. Is it surprising that the Colonial Office, seeing the galère enumerated above, are just a little jealous of their Dominions Office colleagues? Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister, Lord Plymouth—worthy, but, oh, how dull!

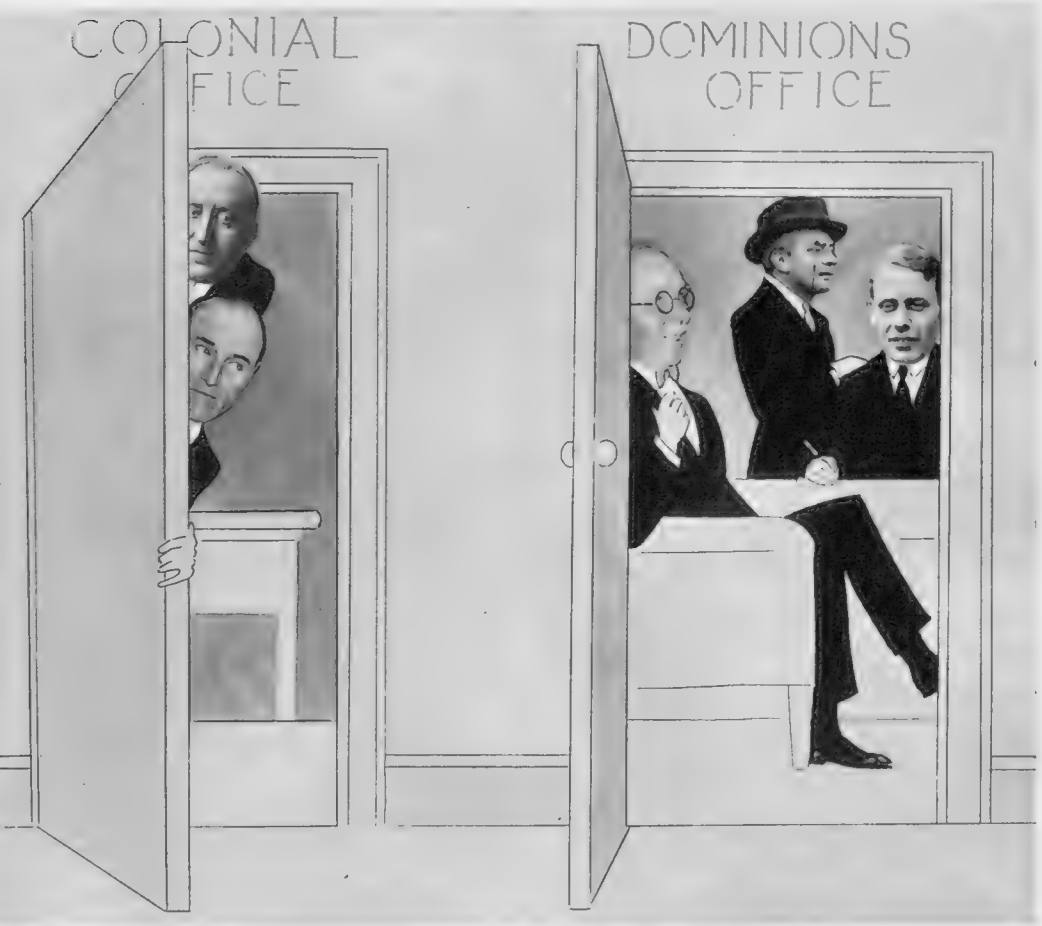
LORD PLYMOUTH is yet another of the Government's men who prefers the background to the limelight. The worst of it is he remains in the dark of obscurity. Does anyone outside political circles know that he is the Under Secretary for the Colonies? Does he speak? Does he carry the National banner up and down the country into the waste spaces? This seems to me the work he should be given to do over and above his official post.

THERE is Lord Strathcona at the War Office; he should come into the open; Lord Rochester, the Paymaster-General; one or two gentlemen in the Whips Office, who are often seen but never heard. Mr. MacDonald should review his troops and give them their marching orders. On the road they would be worth all the electric signs in Piccadilly Circus. Still, congratulations to the bright boy who has put the National Government in the centre of the world. At least it shows the isolation policy is dead. The Lossiemouth lonesomeness has gone for ever.

NOT that I despise the Government's propaganda. It is definitely an improvement. It is up-to-date. But it is entirely concerned with the past. What about the present?—and is there to be no future? Of course, if there are no commitments one way or another we can go on using the posters until the supply is exhausted.

LORD SALISBURY has nothing if not perseverance. He is not content with the House of Lords. He likes better the House of his imagination, which is a pity, because the Peers have been doing their business very well, and patching is inclined to lead to demolition. "The English," they used to say in my young days, "love a Lord." They do still; but the Lords must move with the times (or, if you like it, the Telegraph). They must cultivate their news value. If they persist in seclusion, they will forfeit their succession.

MR. RUNCIMAN'S popularity blows hot, blows cold. He is the weather-vane of this Government. So much depends on the trade policy of the present Administration that one does hope it is not true, as it is said, that his heart is really wholly in the Island of Eigg. It is a dangerous place for a politician to live in—with a name like that. But it is the outside shell of the man as much as anything else which is the trouble in this case.



"Is it surprising that the Colonial Office . . . are just a little jealous of their Dominions Office colleagues?"

On the left: Sir Philip Cunliffe Lister and Lord Plymouth. Right: Mr. J. H. Thomas, Mr. Eddie Marsh and Mr. Malcolm MacDonald

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 50. Lord Beaverbrook

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

Of course, it is just absurd trying to "pot" Lord Beaverbrook in five hundred words. And now I have already wasted fifteen of them. Well, let 's go. Half-Puck, half-Caliban, he was the "enfant terrible" of New Brunswick at the age of ten; of Montreal at twenty; and has remained that of England ever since his thirties. He has two distinct personalities—one when he is telephoning and one when you meet him face to face. The former is much more domineering, and he knows it. Perhaps that is why he has so many telephones at Cherkley and Stornoway House.

Face to face, he is kindly, human, mischievous, and strangely charming. Indeed, I would sooner spend an evening with him than Marlene Dietrich or Charles Chaplin, or anyone else you think attractive. He is a harsh critic of his newspaper staffs, and a stout defender if anyone else ventures to criticise them. He has enormous vision and enormous courage. The healthy state of this country is almost entirely due to the tariffs which he forced on the Government via Empire Free Trade. Yet, though subtle in private life, he is sometimes unsubtle in public life. He still believes that the direct route is the shortest. Which is absurd.

His enemies say he is too cunning to get on. The truth is that he is too honest. He never flatters an enemy. Instead, he hits him over the head as forcibly as may be. Thus he is not always successful in destroying his political opponents, and yet will not alter his system. Some say, too, that he cannot resist blowing a pea at a top-hat, and point out that there is nothing which top-hatted men dislike more than having peas blown at them. Irresistibly, they claim, he is a gamin at heart.

His hobby? Giving things up—the Embassy Club, lawn tennis, golf, yachting, finance, and racing. Once upon a time he decided to win all the classics with the same yearling. He never backed it—and sold it for three hundred guineas to Lord Rosebery. Yes, it was Miracle. During his racing days he was a strange sight, in his black evangelical hat, watching his bloodstock coming in fourth.

His real loves are the Empire—he was born within eight hours of Empire Day—and his Campbell granddaughter. In many ways he is the biggest man of his generation. He has a genius for putting untrained men in high places, and is a master of vivid phrases. I may say that anything I know about writing newspaper columns was learnt from him. Nor is that by any means the only debt I owe.

Wagner Sets His Prelude and

Left: a view from the new restaurant into the bar at Covent Garden. The restaurant, built since last season, was used for the first time on the night "Die Walküre" was performed; the audience, or part of it, can dine on the spot during the intervals of the two long "Ring" operas

Below: the Hon. Mrs. Harry Talbot Rice, Lord Hereford's daughter, talking to Mrs. Cross before the performance began

Right: Lady Oxford talking to Sir Reginald McLeod and her son, the Hon. Anthony Asquith

Below: Lady Londonderry, who is a regular opera-goer, heard the first performance of "Die Walküre," but not the second, which took place last night. She was at the Dorchester as chairman of the International Ball

Lady George Cholmondeley discussing the performance with Mr. Lowther during one of the well-earned intervals

Another photograph taken between the acts, of Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Fisher and Lady Jaffray, Sir William Jaffray's wife

Five-Hour Spell on Covent Garden

Interval at the First "Ring" Cycle

On the right is Miss Winifred Paget, Col. J. B. Paget's daughter, who was wearing a silver-fox cape over her light dress

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Paul Barron were at Covent Garden for the first performance of "Die Walküre," which was one of the most exciting nights the Wagner enthusiasts spent at Covent Garden, with the soloists, orchestra, conductor all at their magnificent best

Major and Mrs. Clive Burn on their way from the sunshine of a May afternoon to the Wagnerian shades within

Right: Lady Ravensdale, very good-looking in her shining black dress, on her way to her seat in good time for the overture

Mr. and Mrs. Van Linden were another couple who went to hear Wagner together

"Gosh, Joe, that was Commander Pentwhistle"

Standing By...

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

Some Cricket Teams

As there is every indication that this country is on the verge of cricket-mania this summer, and as already the asylums are beginning to fill up with old gentlemen with straws in their hair and a habit of muttering, "Who shall I put in to bat Number Five?" we propose to give our readers a few teams of cricketers, one each week, beginning now. Only our teams will have a difference from the ordinary. They will consist of first-class cricketers, past and present, whose names belong to the same sort of class. We will make ourselves clearer by giving at once our Team of Tough Eggs. They are hard, bold, ruthless fellows all. Our opening pair of batsmen is Flint (Notts), A. G. Steel (England). There is a striking start for you. They'll make the sparks fly. And we've got plenty more shots in our armoury, for our next three batsmen are Gunn, J. (Notts), Gunn, G. (Notts), Gunn, W. (Notts). Then comes a man who is devoid of the social graces: Cadman (Derbyshire), and after him the inexorable Stone (Hants). The last four are men whose names will strike terror in the hearts of all their adversaries, names that will appal by their sound alone: Sugg (Yorks), Tarbox (Worcs.), Carkeek (Australia), and Gaukrodger (Worcs.).

The team prefers to play all its cricket in Midwinter (Gloucs.) and never writes letters except on the advice of its legal adviser, Snary (Leics.).

Next week we will marshal the forces of Light and Happiness, probably under the captaincy of Lillywhite.

We Take a Hand in Politics

So fired have we been by the glowing reports of a newspaper-magnate's political speeches as recorded in that newspaper-magnate's newspapers, that we decided last week to have a dart into the arena ourselves. Taking the Albert Hall, therefore, and arranging for relays of our speech to be transmitted to overflow meetings in the Crystal Palace, Alexandra Palace, Caxton Hall, Central Hall, Tattershall, and the Turkish Baths in Jermyn Street, we deputed our political expert to prepare a speech for us. The result was overwhelming. We held that vast audience spellbound. Our breezy personality, our command of our subject (which, by the way, was "Tasmanian Butter for British Parsnips: a Call to Empire"), our good-natured handling of hecklers, our radiating charm, our dazzling yet simple eloquence, our manifestly flaming sincerity, and our poignantly tender handling of the vital inner core to the problem, which is, of course, the marketing of Canadian wurzels, hypnotised our hearers into a rapt attention. Over and over again you could have heard, indeed, probably did actually hear, a brick drop. Over and over again we had them literally lifting the roof off. Our economic expert said that he had never heard anything like our figures before. Our major-general who does the fashion notes commented with enthusiasm on our diamanté ruchings and our typhoon silhouette. And at the end our racing adviser advised us to make a racing get-away, in case the crowds wanted us for anything—presumably to make another speech.

It was a great evening, girls, and we don't think we let you down; and both the members of the audience gave us their autographs afterwards.

A Worthy Captain

The Golfing world will take off their deerstalkers, Balaclava helmets, skull-caps, shakos, and busbies and fling them into the air with a loud yelp of delight at the news that Mr. Bernard Darwin is to be next year's captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. No more popular man than "Bernardo" ever stepped on to a golf-course, and his election is not only "demmed" good news, but all wery capital as well.

Oh, Those Days!

Lawn Tennis is a topic of the hour, and again the air is full of that strange, throaty, but extremely emphatic

"What is it, d'you think . . . a race?"

"My *husband went big-game hunting and got eaten by ants*"

muttering which always fills the air whenever the past history of Lawn Tennis is mentioned in the company of the senators and elder statesmen. If you listen carefully, you will be able to distinguish the syllables. Listen. There it is. "There 's never been anyone like the Dohertys, there 's never been anyone . . . there 's never . . . Doherty's . . . never. . . ."

Tariff Notes

WE are only beginners at politics; we admit it. But we do flatter ourselves that we are the eel's eyebrows at economics. You ought to hear us on bimetallism and what not. You can imagine our ecstasy, therefore, when we heard that Britain's industrial recovery is to be consolidated by the measure that we have been advocating for years, namely, the imposition of an additional tax upon zipp-fasteners. Listen to this, my beauties, culled word for word from an Order issued by the Treasury on the recommendation of the Import Duties Advisory Committee: "Zipp-fasteners over two and a-half inches in length, one shilling a dozen, plus 2d. a dozen for each inch or part of an inch by which the length exceeds two and a-half inches." That is the stuff to give the troops. Zipp, Zipp, Hurrah!

Sad Error in Ship-Construction

ONE of our most eminent naval experts possesses the extremely appropriate name of Bywater, and this gentleman has just discovered a most lamentable mistake that has been committed by the French naval architects. It is a mistake that is all the more incomprehensible because the French brain is usually so swift and acute. Mr. Bywater was investigating into the new submarine fleet which our friends across the way have been building, and he wrote these dazing words about it: "France, having by now created the most formidable undersea fleet in the world, may rest on her oars for a time before proceeding to develop new types." The last oar-battle in history was at Lepanto, in 1572, when Don John of Austria defeated the Turks, so we offer, for what it is worth, our tentative opinion that France ought to hurry up and develop some new types quickly.

Common Sense in Donegal

THE Donegal County Council has decided not to call each other "Esquire" on letters which they may have occasion to address to each other. Instead, they are all going to be plain "Misters." The former title, they say, is out of harmony with the democratic spirit of the age; it has a pronounced Imperialistic flavour, and is tinged with snobbery or flattery or both. Surely they ought to have first consulted an expert, a professor, someone who could put the Don into Donegal, as you might say. For Esquire comes from the French écuyer, or underling who carried the shield, while Mister is from Mon Sieur, or My Lord. Tut, tut, Donegal County Council, go down six places, and write out "King Henry the First never smiled again" a hundred times before bath-time.

Order, Please!

WE wish to lodge our strongest protests against the contemporary journal (rot it!) which will go on referring to Dillinger, the killer-bandit, as the Robin Hood of America. Robin was a merry fellow, of infinite jest, a romantic, lovable fellow, who committed no brutal murders. He stole the King's venison, and robbed the rich burghers of Nottingham, and led the Sheriff a sad dance, and created an imperishable legend in Sherwood Forest. Friar Tuck, and Little John, and Maid Marian—dash it! take our contemporary journal away. We don't want to think about it any more.

"*Take a letter*"

Headaches for the Law Boys

WE do not take sides in politics unless we are heavily paid to, and we know nothing whatever about the Law (except for those drear moments in the old, sad days when we used to hear a voice coming from a great distance through a pale-blue haze and a splitting headache, saying, "Forty shillings, and ten shillings costs"), but we cannot help leering a little sardonically over this new Sedition Bill. It appears that by this Bill the Attorney-General wants to make it a crime to possess literature which, if handed to a soldier, might make him want to be a pacifist. A lawyer has pointed out that the Codex contains several passages about peace-makers, that the Codex is in the British Museum, and that the Attorney-General is a Trustee of the Museum. Isn't that extremely awkward? Can the Attorney prosecute himself for accepting a book which the Prime Minister and the Archbishops have asked him to look after for them? Oh, well, it's none of our business. Let's pass on to something brighter.

Classical Education

MANY of the brightest and jolliest golf correspondents in these days are public-school lads (our own one took a degree in therapeutical-dynamics at the University of Göttingen before obtaining a post in the Arabic section of the British Museum which he combines with our golf notes and the compilation of an anthology of Ella Wheeler Wilcox), and they are always ready with classical allusion, neat tag, and what not. For instance, when an Army gent. arrived rather late at a golf-course the other day to compete in the monthly medal, and sprinted round the course in 64 minutes and 71 strokes, out came the classical stuff, and one of the boys christened the gent. Captain Marathon ———. Tut, tut, laddies. Disgracing the dear old coll. like that. The Marathon wasn't a sprint. It was a long-distance race.

"Wear, Sir? They'll wear until there isn't a bit of 'em left!"

THESPÆANS

No. 33.—Miss Mary Brough

ACTRESSES in plenty
Yearn to fill a rôle
That is simply packed with
Sob and Sex and Soul;
Something full of passion
That will tear your heart,
But Miss Brough is happy
In a "low-life" part.

So, when she is playing
Cooks who speak their mind
In a way that's much more
Candid than refined,
Or portraying ladies
Who run country inns,
You can keep your Purple
Pash, and Scarlet Sins.

Honest, hearty humour,
A la Hoi Polloi,
When Miss Brough presents it,
Is a thing of joy;
Indignation, scandal,
Scorn, all find a place
In the mobile features
Of her homely face.

And, since she can make us
Laugh and laugh again
With her clever studies
In the Cockney strain,
Of her cheerful presence
We can't have enough—
Great (in far more ways than one!)
Is our Mary Brough. B. W.

Nasty News for Westminster

AN eminent Professor of Physics had a dream the other night, and in that dream he saw a way of constructing a highly intricate machine. Springing eagerly from his dimity at crack of dawn, he sent the boy out for a pint of screws and some putty and a pound of assorted cog-wheels, or whatever it is that you make machines out of (these things are hidden from us), and got down to the grindstone. In a jiffy, or even less, he ran the whole contraption up, and found, to his delight, that it worked beautifully. But, you cry, your cherry lips parted in excited suspense, what does the machine do? Ah! That is just the tragedy of it. For this machine has struck a heavier blow at our Parliamentary Institutions (Stand to attention there) than all the quaint gambollings of the Black-Shirt urchins, for it measures the exact value of gas.

Full Marks for Progress

THE certificate signed by this year's Electric-Railway Queen, and decorated with a flower-border by the pupils of St. Boadicea's School, Little Poppleton-under-the-Spinney, together with the handsome gilt clock, has been presented this week to Eastbourne. This progressive borough formerly possessed six windmills, but has worked hard to eradicate this long-standing evil. Four out of the six had been finally expunged, and last week the fifth, Ocklynge Mill, was blown up, to make room for building development. Only one of these wretched excrescences, these warts, remain upon the otherwise fair face of Eastbourne, and we take a firm stand that this must be removed at the earliest possible moment. The district will then be one uniform delicious vista of lovely modern houses and bungalows, and so on. Stick to it, Eastbourne. We are behind you. And remember, though you may lose visitors in search of beautiful things, your conscience will be clear. For you are "developing." THE BYSTANDERS.

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Heel-Taps and Wise-Cracks

"She Loves Me Not" (Adelphi)

PLEASE don't ask me to give a précis of the plot of this play by Howard Lindsay, which he has written on the lines of cinema technique, except for the fact that action is progressive, and there are no flash-backs revealing the pure past of a typical heroine whose later life has become shop-soiled by contamination with a vicious world. If full details of the story are wanted, I can safely refer you to the novel, by Edward Hope, on which *She Loves Me Not* is founded. As for the absence of flash-backs, their avoidance may be due to the fact that the play's heroine does not appear to be of the type whose strong suit ever was purity, and therefore is incapable of being revealed.

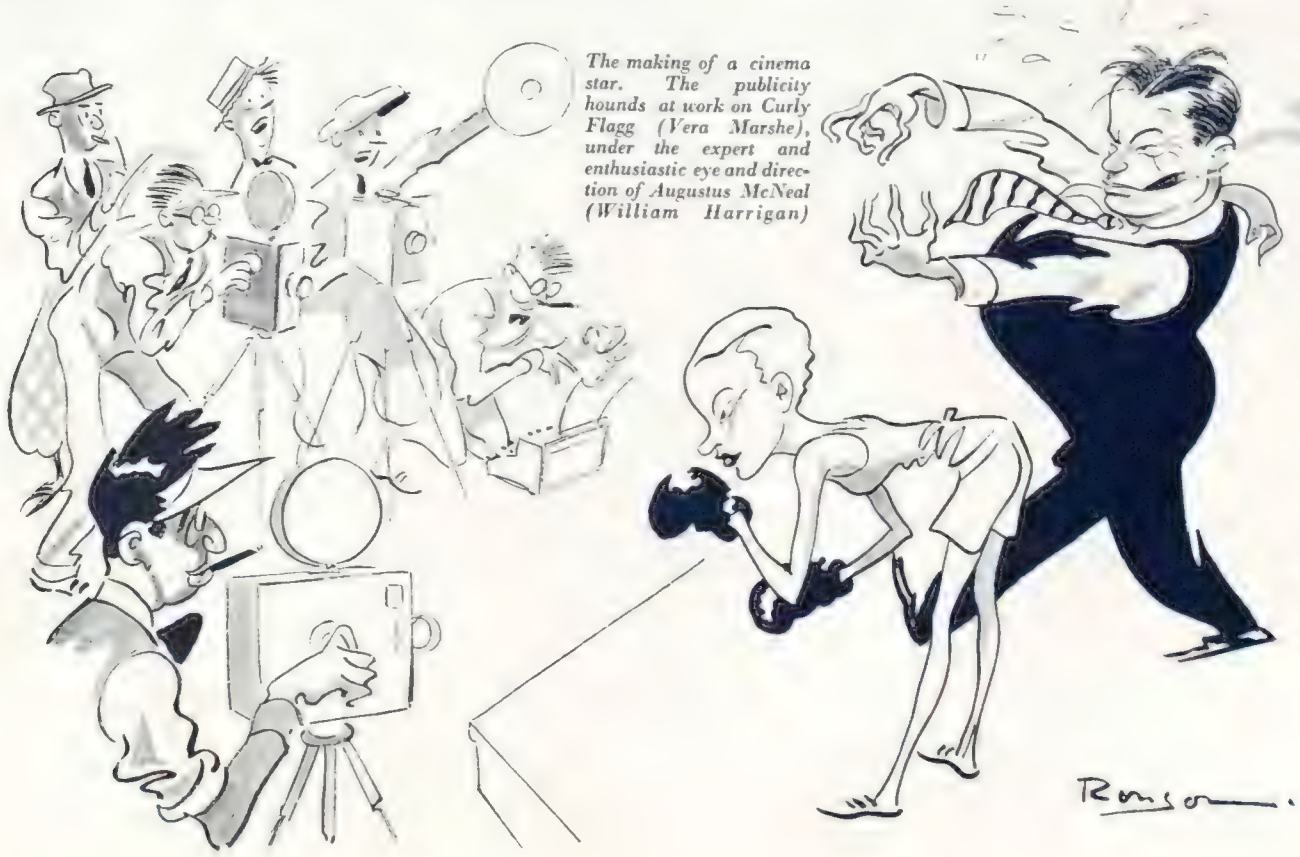
It may be argued that the story, showing how a cabaret dancer gets mixed up in a messy murder, and, being wanted as a material witness by the brutal police, is concealed by four Princeton undergraduates, might be considered by some carping critics as quite unbelievable, unless one remembers that this is an American play, and that in that country it is mainly the unbelievable that is capable of being believed. But whether the plot has to be swallowed with a modicum of salt or not is really of little account. What is important is that *She Loves Me Not* is an extremely funny play, excellently constructed until the very end, when it struck me that there were a few loose threads left hanging around which required tidying up. In fact, the ending was so abrupt that it took me unawares. I have known plays when the final fall of the curtain came as no surprise but as an inexpressible relief, but in this case my surprise was tinged with genuine regret.

I should have liked to have seen more of the hard-boiled heroine, though in the earlier stages her lack of costume left little to the imagination. I could have appreciated the further appearance of the four well-contrasted Princeton undergraduates, but most of all I should have enjoyed adding to my collection of wise-cracks, contributed, in the main, by a gentleman who was publicity hound for a famous film-company which, by some extraordinary chance, had expended too much money but too little thought on a film which the beautiful American language would stigmatise as bum.

The acting is amazingly slick. Vera Marshe, as the cabaret dancer heroine, is an engaging young person with a keen sense of fun; William Harrigan imparts to a film Press-agent that sense of divine belief in his own powers which carries conviction; Betty Field, as the fiancée (on the make) of the wealthy undergraduate hero, and Elizabeth Love, who would like to make the hero her fiancé, reveal a keen sense of character, while Howard Phillips, the hero, realises that the more serious he is the funnier are the awful muddles in which he becomes involved—these are but a few members of a large cast who all help the author by good performances.

I will conclude with asking a question and borrowing one of the play's wise-cracks in reply: Is *She Loves Me Not* a play which you should miss? "If I may coin a word, No"!—VERNON WOODHOUSE.

The four college students whose chivalry in sheltering a damsel almost costs them their careers: "Buzz" Jones, the dancer (Geoffrey Bryant); Harry Broughton, the footballer (Broderick Crawford), Paul Lawton, the musician (Howard Phillips); and Phillip Laval, the Communist (Clinton Sundberg)



The making of a cinema star. The publicity hounds at work on Curly Flagg (Vera Marshe), under the expert and enthusiastic eye and direction of Augustus McNeal (William Harrigan)

DUNLOP
C.P.H.

The Debs Again

Four More of the Season's Young Ones

Yevonde

Miss Guinevere Grant

Miss Guinevere Grant is the younger of Sir Hamilton Grant's two daughters by his second wife, the present Lady Grant. She is eighteen, a year younger than her sister, Miss Esther Grant, who came out last year. The Grants live in Onslow Square

Below: *Miss Elizabeth Loder Johnson*

Miss Loder Johnson is the daughter of Lady Selsdon, who is presenting her at Court this month. She came back not long ago from "finishing" in Paris and Rome. She is a step-daughter of Lord Selsdon, late Sir William Mitchell-Thomson

Dorothy Wilding

Yevonde

Miss Camilla Parker

Miss Camilla Parker is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Parker. Her mother and Lady Heron-Maxwell are giving a dance for her on June 27 at 16, Bruton Street. Both her father and Lady Heron-Maxwell are related to the Earl of Macclesfield

Hay Wrightson

The Lady Jane FitzRoy

A new portrait of the Duke of Grafton's elder sister, who is eighteen this year and is being presented by her mother, Viscountess Ipswich. Her father was killed in action in 1918. Her brother, who succeeded in 1930, comes of age next year

UNDINE

Undine, the lovely water-nymph, was the daughter of a river god. It was her destiny to fall in love with a mortal, and through her love to win a soul. But, through her love, she learnt to suffer, and won her soul only through sorrow. In John Everard's beautiful study, the nymph is still a care-free maiden, knowing nothing of man or the woes that loving leads to

Wise-Cracks from the Show

"A man always has to have one chorus-girl in his life"
"Then he has to wait until after we're married, when I can make some decent use of it"

* * *

"They're saving her from something worse than death"
"From something—or for something?"

* * *

"Why do you choose a night-club to do your shooting in?"
"I like night-clubs"

* * *

"If you think I'm going to let you boys cut my hair with nail-scissors——"
"It'll grow back. Great chains of barber-shops have grown up on that principle"

Blonde Baby

Vera Marshe as Curley Flagg, In "She Loves Me Not"

ess little piece is Miss Curley Flagg, but attractive—a abaret cutie, with her platinum hair, her raucous "Wow!" 's pleased, and the voice that her publicity-man-to-be (brilayed by William Harrigan) suggests should be "cut out ose and grafted into her throat." Vera Marshe (from A., of course) appears as Curley, in that high-speed craziness, "She Loves Me Not," at the Adelphi. She stuff with all the slickness—pace, economy, and perfect that, combined with plenty of wise-cracks and neatly cident, gives the show its O.K. as first-class entertainment

Photographs by John Everard, Orange St.

"My heart begins to hammer when I'm in my sweetie's pyjamas"

Film Medley

Frances Dee as a Hollywood Débutante

Frances Dee in her coming-out dress would make a bit of a stir in a London deb's dance. She wears it in "Coming-Out Party," when she appears as a New York débutante who runs away from the said party to marry the wrong man. She gets "Mr. Right" in the end, of course. The film started at the Capitol last week

Annabella in America

Above: Annabella, the lovely French star, is now in America, where her first part will be in the French version of "Caravan," which is to be made in the Fox Studios and is to be directed by Erik Charrell

Gracie Fields in Capri

The picture of Gracie Fields and a young village girl was taken by Basil Dean. He and J. B. Priestley went out to see Miss Fields at her villa at Capri about her new film, "Sing As We Go," which Mr. Priestley is now writing for her

Right: Conrad Veidt and Mary Ellis on the set between "shots" at the Twickenham Studios, where they are working on "Bella Donna." Mary Ellis, who made such a brilliant success of her part in "Music in the Air," and the German actor ought to make a pretty good film pair, combining as they do personality and talent

Conrad Veidt and Mary Ellis

"Another whisky, father?"
"Thanks my boy — and see that it's

DEWAR'S"

THE MOST DISCRIMINATING PALATES APPRECIATE THE FAMOUS "White Label"

Walter Bird

ORIEL ROSS

A new portrait of the young actress who is playing lead in Dodie Smith's comedy, "Touch Wood," which is starting its run at the Haymarket to-morrow night. She appeared as Catherine of Russia, in "Casanova," last year, and has done a certain amount of film-work

Music (and all That)

"Silence," Scenery and Singers: By "Melos"

COVENT GARDEN patrons having this year been deprived of their usual grouse about the shabby old scenery and the imminent demolition of the theatre—the scenery is new and very good indeed, and the theatre, having just had £100,000 spent on it, will endure for the lifetime of most of us—Sir Thomas Beecham has done the grousing instead.

Right: Frau Kipnis went to Covent Garden on the second night of the first "Ring" cycle to hear her husband, Alexander Kipnis, as Hunding, in "Die Walküre"

Left: Mme. Conchita Supervia, who sang at the Queen's Hall last week in the concert at which Horowitz and Piatigorsky played, was at Covent Garden with her husband, Mr. Rubestein

His shout of "Stop talking!" during the overture of *Fidelio* on the opening night should be put into the archives of the place. If Mr. Saxe Wyndham brings up to date with a third volume his excellent history of Covent Garden Theatre, the "T. B. Riot" of 1934 should certainly rank with the "O. P. Riots" of the eighteenth century. Any conductor, or any sort of music-lover, for that matter, knows how inconceivably irritating it is to hear whispers and twitters within a few feet of one while music is being played, and Sir Thomas's outburst was justified.

As to the applause during an Act later on, which caused him to wax wroth again, I am not so sure. Applause at the wrong moment may be the mark of the barbarian, but it connotes a barbarian who means well. Since Sir Thomas insisted on the production of *Fidelio*, an opera which most people dislike, there is some irony in finding him quashing any demonstration of enthusiasm in favour of it. Did I not consider that it is the height of bad manners to disturb in any way an opera which does not appeal to one, I would suggest that *Fidelio*, for all that it was written by Beethoven, is so abyssmally dull that it *deserves* to be talked through.

"DAS RHEINGOLD," which followed on the second night, is full of what the late Mr. A. B. Walkley used to call "inspissated gloom." But, compared with *Fidelio*, it is the brightest and snappiest of revues.

This superb opening to the "Ring" was given the finest performance I have heard, either in or out of England. Sir Thomas infused the orchestra with his own enthusiasm (though I still believe that, at heart, he is not a Wagnerian), and secured some magnificent playing. The new scenery and lighting were in the best sense realistic, and that "Old Man River," the Rhine, in the depths of which the three fish-like (but not, apparently, ancient) maidens swam to and fro, flowed most convincingly. The gold which Herr Habich (Alberich) stole looked like gold and not like, as in former years, an electric lamp with some coloured canvas over it, which I believe it actually was.

THE only effect which failed to "come off" was that thrillingly dramatic moment when Donner brings his hammer down on the rock, with a flash of lightning and a peal of thunder, to throw the magic rainbow-bridge across to Valhalla. As usual, the flash was too soon and the thunder too late, with the result that Donner's hammer hit the rock with a soft, squashy thud—most unrock-like, unhammer-like, and ungod-like.

THE singers this year are first-rate. One could scour the world without finding better Wagnerian heroes and heroines than Herr Bockelmann, Herr Kipnis, Mme. Frida Leider and Mme. Lotte Lehmann, who are old friends. Herr Volker, the new tenor, made an excellent Siegmund and is an undoubted success.

And I liked the Valkyrie maidens ("Les Valkyries"), who, wearing this season the shortest of skirts, showed considerably more agility—and all that—than has been the custom hitherto in Wagnerian cabaret.

THE Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, who have paid us a visit and given a couple of concerts, are a good body of players who cannot, however, touch the perfection of tone shown by the horns and the trumpets of the London Philharmonic. The strings are admirable.

Herr Bruno Walter confirmed the fairly wide impression that, although he is a first-rate man with opera, he leaves a good deal to be desired as a symphonic conductor. His treatment of a Brahms symphony was too "messy," and he was striving after emphasis and nuances and subtleties even in the first few bars. Brahms's music, though it needs a master in control, none the less plays itself to a large extent. Herr Walter elaborated too much and, I venture to think, in the wrong way; a better performance would probably have resulted had the orchestra been left more to itself.

But with "The Blue Danube" waltz all was well, of course, and it was good to hear these Viennese give that "catch-in-the-breath" pause in the rhythm, for which there is a German word but not an English one.

For it is a knack Englishmen simply cannot learn.

COLORATURA singers are rare nowadays, but Mme. Anna Maria Guglielmetti is one of the best. Her performances at the Trocadero cabaret are a rare treat. Her voice, in both flexibility and tone quality, is an example of natural beauty allied with perfect training, and would doubtless have delighted Rossini himself.

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Constance Cummings in a scene from "This Man is Mine." It is amusing that the tome with which she is whiling away a languorous moment is in typescript, and either a film scenario or a play

Above: a display of what might be the latest models for river-wear by the usual bunch of lovely blondes, in "Fashions of 1934," the comedy-spectacle at the Regal

Right: close-up of Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., and Genevieve Tobin in "Success at Any Price," a film young Douglas made in Hollywood before he came to England

"Fashions of 1934"

THE picture on the programme shows a "lovely" wearing a few ethereal white feathers, emphasising rather than disguising, the essential feminine features. But do not be alarmed. It is not seriously suggested that this represents summer suits this season!

There is a plot which applies the indigenous American theme—racketeering, to clothes. William Powell is the centrepiece. He is a man with ideas, plus a manner and an inoffensive leer. His accomplice is Bette Davis. She is an actress. Never beautiful, she now exaggerates her physical idiosyncrasies to the verge of hideousness. That long, fair hair, those ridiculous hats and over-farded eyelids militate against the effect of the genuine histrionics she produces.

The story is about Sherwood Nash's methods of swindling the fashion-houses in New York by bribing a chauffeur to allow him to photograph freights of exclusive Paris models en route from the Customs to the couturiers. He then sells the designs to the cheaper stores. Caught out, he bluffs the heads of the American fashion-houses into employing him to steal designs in Paris. The rest of the film concerns itself with his battle with the great Baroque, King of Fashion, and his mistress, the Grand Duchess Alix, alias Mabel Something-or-other from Hoboken, and the marvellous "revue" they put over in Paris to boost ostrich feathers. Plot and counterplot are indescribable and ingenious. Busby Berkeley excels himself in the arrangement of the ostrich-feather numbers in the revue. He is a genius.

"Spitfire"

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S first flop. It is a dreadful part. It would require genius to "put it over," and the inescapable conclusion is that Miss Hepburn has not genius. That is not a crime, but, unfortunately, genius has been attributed to her, and so, when she obviously falls short of it, she fails.

In *Bill of Divorcement* she leapt into the limelight as the most positive, sensitive and intelligent young actress on the screen. I think that each of her subsequent pictures has been a declension. As a critic of films I am not interested in her personal idiosyncrasies, only in her performances. As Jo, in *Little Women*, she was well cast and excellent. In *Morning Glory* she was individual, but occasionally tiresome. As Trigger, in *Spitfire*, an unexplained, religious waif in the mountains, she is definitely unconvincing, and when one remembers Leni Riefenstahl in *The Blue Light*, it is almost degrading to be asked to sympathise with this inconsistent creature, half-witch, half-nun, who steals a baby and cannot make it live, who lives by text-cards and yet "loves" two men. . . . It was too much to ask of Katharine Hepburn.

"Success at Any Price"

I STARTED years ago to praise Douglas Fairbanks, Junior. He has all the essential attributes of stardom. He is the best-looking and best-made young man on the screen. He has indisputable acting ability. In *The Kid's Last Fight*, he showed brilliant versatility. But, evidently, he is dependent on directorship. And he is not getting the right pictures or the right directors. In *Catherine the Great* he is marvellously decorative, but inadequate. In *Success at Any Price* he has a part which James Cagney or Lee Tracey could have made superlative and dominating, but, as the ruthless young man who gets a job through the good offices of his girl-friend, ousts his chief, steals and marries his lady-love, only to be cheated and confess defeat by attempting suicide, he is "not so hot," as the Americans say. Genevieve Tobin works hard and looks better. Colleen Moore is plain but positive. Edward Everett Horton and Nydid Westman, in brief comedy interpolations, contribute the best bits to the film.

"This Man is Mine"

IRENE DUNNE is a good actress. Ralph Bellamy has no personal appeal for me. Constance Cummings has a vamp part. It does not seem "in character," but she works hard and puts mind before matter.

He had been in love and she jilted him. He is married to an artist, a sensitive, charming, devoted creature. The other woman, after various matrimonial adventures, comes back. The rest of the film is about the conflict between the good woman and the bad woman over a weak and tiresome man. Of course, the good woman wins and the bad woman gets a richer man. Is sentiment or logic triumphant?

The St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup

Some of the Competitors at Sandwich

(1) G. Alec Hill (Sandy Lodge) and H. S. Malik (Sandy Lodge). (2) Lord Cochrane (Royal St. George's) and P. D. Miller (Royal St. George's), second. (3) P. W. L. Risdon (Coombe Hill) and G. O. Dunsmore (Wanstead). (4) The Hon. Michael Scott (Royal St. George's) and R. G. Chittenden (Royal St. George's). (5) Noel Layton (Berkshire) and H. I. Tanburn (Berkshire). (6) J. P. Marston (Frilford Heath) and Major H. E. Ward (Sec. Royal St. George's). (7) A. G. S. Penman (Mid-Kent), winner, with a score of 73 and 80 for the two rounds; and A. H. Bridgman (Betchworth Park)

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Great Book About Ireland:

By A. G. Macdonell

EVERYONE has his or her own violent opinion about Ireland, its people, its politics, and its history. But I do not think there can be different opinions about the quality of Mr. Desmond Ryan's autobiography, *Remembering Sion* (Barker; 8*s.* 6*d.*). It is a book written by a passionate patriot, one of the survivors of the Rising in Easter Week in 1916, one of the defenders of the Dublin Post Office, and it is a vivid and moving tale of the Irish struggle for freedom. Mr. Ryan describes the Irish scene, the poor of Dublin, the squalor and dreariness of the small provincial town, with its dirt and its rain and its everlasting talk, talk, talk, the sombre glories of the Wicklow glens, and the Meath landscapes. Then he switches on to literature, James Joyce, and Sean O'Casey, and Synge, who invented a weird cadence and style of language for a race of simple islanders, and William Butler Yeats, greatest of living poets in the English language, and the playwrights of the Abbey Theatre. But this is all only a prelude, an overture to the gathering storm of politics and battles. Mr. Ryan is a hero-worshipper, and his heroes are the men who made Sinn Fein, and led the Rising, and fought against the Black and Tans. Padraic Pearse, executed after Easter Week, is the first of them, and with Pearse goes Connolly. Arthur Griffith is another, the journalist with the pen of vitriol, and Mick Collins and De Valera. Mr. Ryan is particularly interesting about Collins. The legend about him is that he was the hero of a thousand battles against odds. Actually, he was essentially a desk-worker. He was an organiser, who understood, as Napoleon understood, that fourteen hours a day at a desk are often more valuable than heroics in the field. Collins, of course, could fight if necessary, and he was utterly fearless; but it was his office work that made the Irish Revolution a possibility. Mr. Ryan finishes up his powerful, glowing book with a pen-portrait of Erskine Childers, that strange, enigmatical, desperately tragic figure who was shot by the Irish after the Republicans rose against the Treatyites and Rory O'Connor fought his hopeless battle in the Four Courts. Childers (who wrote *The Riddle of the Sands* many years earlier) is the saddest figure in this book. The rest died for Ireland happily. He died a harassed and bewildered man.

MR. BERNARD DARWIN has written a charming little life of the immortal "W. G." in a series of biographies published by Methuen (2*s.*). Mr. Darwin sketches out the early career of this tall, lanky son of a Gloucestershire doctor, rising in crescendo to the terrific impact upon first-class cricket in 1866 of an innings of 224, not out, played against Surrey by a youth of eighteen. Triumph followed triumph, and the lad from the West Country swiftly became the terror of the bowlers, especially of the professional fast bowlers. Indeed, it is no exaggeration to say that "W.G." killed fast bowling in the 'sixties and 'seventies. His superb defence, his driving, his late-cutting, and his inexhaustible patience broke the fast bowlers' hearts. His great year was 1876, before an Australian team ever came to England; and yet in 1895—at the age of forty-six and growing heavy—he scored his famous thousand runs in May, and on his fifty-eighth birthday he made 74 against his old enemies the Players. Mr. Darwin gives a good idea of the personality of the "Doctor," and of the legends that have grown up round him. His arguments with umpires are famous, and his passionate desire for victory in every game sometimes led him into undignified positions. But he was a giant. That much is certain. And it is to "W.G." that we owe the modern game of cricket and its enormous popularity all over the British Empire.

MR. STEPHEN FOOT'S book of reminiscences is called *Three Lives* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*), because there have been three separate, and very different, phases in his career. The first phase was as a young man of twenty-five, confidential and highly trusted agent of the Shell Oil Company, in Singapore and in Mexico. The second phase was as a soldier in the war; and the third, most unexpectedly, is as a schoolmaster at a Public School in the South of England. There can be no harm in saying that Mr. Foot is definitely pleased with Mr. Foot's career. His book is full of stories of the triumphs of the practical, common-sense engineer over fussy and incompetent theorists. If a concrete dug-out has to be built, Mr. Foot builds it and is saved from a wigging for spending too much money on it by the rapt admiration of a General. If timber has to be provided, it is Captain Foot's ingenuity and powers of organisation which set saw-mills to work. I have no doubt that Mr. Foot was an admirable soldier in every way, and had he been in my battery I would have appointed him trumpeter.

IF there is one thing harder than reviewing a book about music, it is writing a book about music. Almost every work on this subject is dreary beyond words, and it was, therefore, with a heavy heart that I tackled Mr. Francis Toye's *Rossini* (Heinemann; 10*s.* 6*d.*). I worried myself unduly, for Mr. Toye has handled his subject in a masterly way. He has carefully kept clear of musical jargon, and has concentrated rather upon Rossini's life, and the reception which his operas got, and the character of the man. Rossini is best known to lay posterity by *The Barber of Seville*, which he miraculously composed, from first note to last note, in thirteen days. Mr. Toye gives a dramatic description of the first night of that famous opera. Enemies came to jeer and hiss; roars of laughter greeted the tenor; an actor fell through a trap-door which had been left open, and finally a cat strolled across the stage. The evening was a disaster. And yet the second night was a great success. *William Tell* is the second of Rossini's great pieces, but here he was terribly let down by his librettist. Tell's son, for instance, was called Jemmy! That alone would kill most operas. Mr. Toye has done his work with charm and wit. He is one of those people, so irritating to the professional hack, who can step with complete competence out of another art into literature. If I tried to step into music with the same nonchalance, the neighbours would telephone for the police and the fire brigade.

"MY BEST ADVENTURE STORY" (Faber and Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*) is a collection of stories by what might be called the Third Eleven. It is true that Mr. H. G. Wells figures in it, but the rest are the Frankau-Orczy-Wren-Rohmer crowd. The stories are all readable—for the Third Eleven at least knows its job—but none of them is great. This is an ideal book for the holiday of anyone who cannot be bothered with the importance of self-education.

G. B. S. by Houghton

George Houghton, the Paris artist, drew the above caricature of George Bernard Shaw and sent it to him. George Bernard Shaw had a criticism to offer and made it in the pictorial form which can be seen on the right

G. B. S. by Himself

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Jean Burnup

MISS JEANNE DE CASALIS, who plays with so much charm and wit the part of the "dead" wife in "The Mask and the Face," is seen here in a gown of black and white plaid organza. This and the large hat of fine black straw both come from Debenham and Freebody

Cannons of Hollywood

F. J. Gutmann

Bond Street and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

By Jean Burnup

THERE is always one day in May when Spring suddenly goes, the sun blazes, to show it hasn't forgotten how, my pulse quickens, because I know Summer 's practically here, and ungrateful people are heard complaining of the heat.

On such a day, a man walks around with his hat off, held in his hand. On such a day, a woman walks out and buys a new hat.

So what about this one at the top of the page? Leghorn makes the outer brim, which melts into an inner brim and crown of flowered crêpe de Chine.

It is flat as a pancake, as new as the new moon, and comely to débutantes and their mothers. *Get it at Harrods.*

I don't want to be personal, but if your ankles are not all that ankles are cracked up to be, try some of the stockings I saw at this store.

They are your own colour in front, and shade gradually to darkness at the sides and back. The result, from the front, is Ziegfeld Folly legs.

THANK you, whoever is responsible—I forget now—for making us go on wearing taffetas.

We always liked it, even in the days when it used to live in the wardrobe for a year before wearing, and split from inactivity. Now it doesn't split. But it makes us rustle and swish as we walk, and feel rather soft and helpless.

While I was admiring the check taffeta jumper in the blouse department at Debenham and Freebodys, demure as could be with its turn-over tailored collar, pleated jabot and snug hip-fitting, I saw a blonde slipping on one of their new little taffeta capes. She patted the deep frill, tied up the large bow, pirouetted before the mirror, and looked good to me. They have them in black only, 39*s*. 6*d*.

Wear it over your race frock; or be the sensation of the garden-party at the Hall.

If you can't, shouldn't, or won't wear a cape, there are elegant taffeta coats for the same sort of occasions.

A DEAR friend, handy with her fingers, knitted and gave you a new green jumper for Whitsun. With the right skirt, it is going to make a pleasant extra to see the summer through.

Run along to Marshall and Snelgroves, and buy one of their linen skirts, with a white

A Blonde in a Taffeta Cape

ground and covered in large coloured spots. You 'll be certain to match your green or red, blue or yellow or what have you.

Then . . . if somebody wants to be really nice about a birthday or anniversary, cajole him into buying one of Marshall's new round clip-on brooches.

The difference between these and ordinary clip-ons is that you change the centre jewel to match your gown, your eyes, your mood.

A pearl looks back at you lustrously now, but if you don't feel like pearls to-day, you whip it out in two seconds, and screw in a jewel that glows warmly, like a ruby.

Altogether you get seven jewels, so don't say the makers aren't kind-hearted.

I DIDN'T draw the coat next door—I 'm not that clever—but I was drawn to it, irresistibly.

It is black novelty hopsack, with white furry stuff at the neck. It can do what you want it to do. It can look like a dress. It can look like a coat.

It has such an air of Paris that, slipping it on, you almost speak broken English. It is—how you say?—ch-e-e-k . . .

IF I were a film star, or married to a Chicago meat-packer or something, I should break out into crêpe de Chine sheets.

I have seen some in clear, delicate shades, with pillow coverings to match, that made my mouth water.

They must be very sleep-inducing, because you would try so hard to keep awake to enjoy every second of them that, of course, you would drop off before you knew what was what.

As they are just a few pennies beyond me, I intend to be a little gay in a grey-and-rose room, with ordinary white linen sheets bordered most attractively with green. 29*s*. 6*d*. a pair, single-bed size, pillow-case to match.

Other nice sights in a day's shop wandering: A Regent Street window featuring my favourite colour in suits, gowns, ensembles—duck-egg blue-green. . . . It used to be a struggle to get this. . . . White leather gloves that will wash and wash and wash. Boil them if you like. . . . Bright chintz garden or nursery cushions cut in the shape of animals. . . . Curl bathing-caps, so much nicer than one's own hairdressing that it will be a shame to take them off. . . .

Coat-Dress Marshall and Snelgroves

Two Ensembles for Summer

Paul Tanqueray

NAVY blue and white striped silk makes this dress and short cape, which has a posy of white daisies on one shoulder. This is a model from W. W. Reville-Terry Ltd., and is worn by Miss Joan Gardner, who is at present playing in the film version of "Don Juan" at the British Gaumont Studios

A BLACK silk dress and a short coat of black and white checked crêpe de Chine make this attractive Mainbocher ensemble for afternoon wear. The coat has patch pockets and ties with a scarf at the neck

Rockwell, Paris

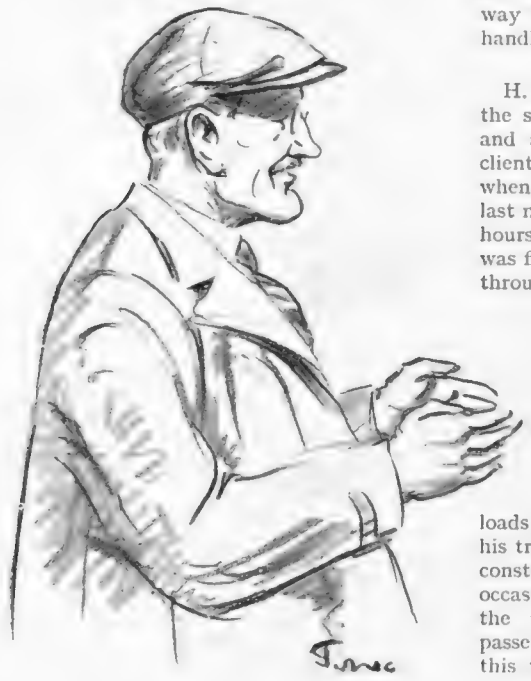
Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

R. P. Wilkinson
Listening to the speeches

THIS week we have all the dope about the Walk, and eye-witness dope at that, thanks to "Jonk's" energy. Russell Davie started the race at six a.m. at Big Ben, having been roused from his beauty sleep about four; he was at Crawley with his daughter, "Miss Topsie," who was as busy as ever with the collecting-box. A familiar figure—with smoked glasses, black cap, black gauntlet gloves and special shoes—at Crawley, which is as far as he goes, was Lacy Hillyer. He arrived on an ordinary bicycle and not on a "penny-farthing." Everyone was delighted to see this wonderful veteran looking so fit. The most energetic man at the half-way house was B. M. Charig, who spent the entire two hours which elapsed between the arrival of H. A. Hake, at the head of the procession, and J. C. Neat, at the tail, in squeezing a large spongeful of cold water over each competitor as he passed.



Russell Davie
Cheers the winner

BY the time our eye-witness got to Brighton the sun had come out and it was a lovely day. He says: "This year was wakened from sleep on pier in time to scramble off and see Hake come swimming in to beat the record." Tommy Hammond, whose record he beat, was the first to congratulate him. A gentleman who looked like Brighton's oldest inhabitant, and who certainly had never walked the course, edged his way into the crowd of felicitators and started arguing sourly about the validity of the new record. His point was that some of the corners on the road had been rounded off, so the course had been shortened. As the winner's only purpose was to get to the Aquarium in under 8 hrs. 44 min. 10 sec., he didn't care if the whole road had been straightened out.

THE Mayor of Brighton, Councillor Margaret Hardy, arrived in her car just after the winner had got home. She was most upset at being late, but had timed her arrival very carefully by last year's schedule, so it wasn't her fault. A sort of "royal box" effect was created at the finish by various members of the Stock Exchange Committee and their families. E. W. Barron, who later presided at the Dinner, was there, and so were Walter Morison, with his brother, Ashton, Claude Lemon and his son, two faithful patrons of the Walk, and R. P. Wilkinson. The last-named is a member of the Committee to be treated with particular respect, for on his shoulders rests the responsibility of chairmanship of one of the most important sub-committees—that dealing with official quotations and new issues. The House owes to him a deep debt of gratitude for the careful way in which this very delicate matter is handled.

H. P. DUNKLEY, who gave the prize for the sealed handicap, was seen on the road and at the Dinner, but must have had a client to visit in the town, as he was not there when the earlier competitors arrived. The last man home got in nearly three-and-a-half hours after the winner; in fact, when Hake was finishing, J. F. Demsey was only coming through Bolney, fourteen miles away.

A GOOD story of the Walk is about young "Bunny" Middleton, whose stepfather bet him five hundred to one he'd not do the walk in under twelve hours. "Bunny" Middleton took the bet in quids, and got there with nearly an hour to spare, and carloads of friends and relations following in his triumphant wake. An officer of the local constabulary, who had seen him on other occasions, and who was on duty at one of the points, knowingly called out as he passed: "I can't get you for speeding this time."

THE Dinner was a great success, with a record company of 230 guests. E. W. Barron, in the chair, made an excellent speech; among other matters, he told of the woman who got to Brighton by tripping along on top of a globe, and the man who trundled his better half all the way in a wheel-barrow. The Mayor also made a witty speech, which included a pertinent query as to why men do this sort of thing at all. Sir Harry Preston gave away the prizes, clasping each recipient's hand to his heart in characteristic manner, and whispering words of appreciation. He was quite overcome when he was presented with a loving-cup "as a Token of Gratitude, Admiration, and Friendship." Gordon Brown, the new chairman of the Athletic Club, making a nicely-turned speech, handed it to him on behalf of the Club. Alan Kaye, one of the hon. treasurers, who'd worked even harder than usual, had the pleasant task of saying a few words of welcome to the new Chairman, before presenting him with the Club's highest award, the Gold Honours Badge.

AMONG the well-known walkers at the dinner were E. F. Broad, who won the first Walk in 1903 from eighty-seven starters, in 9½ hrs. 1 sec.; George Nicholas, who arrived three minutes later in the same race, and who now, after thirty-one years, is not quite so slim; Tommy Hammond, who was third, and Russell Davie, who was fourth; L. J. Hollyer, last year's winner, who hadn't had time to train this year, but was on the road in a car; and S. H. Schlesinger, who arrived second this year, as he did in last year's race.

George Nicholas
Not quite so thin

Hustle at Hurlingham

Some of the Competitors Playing in the Fifteenth Annual Hard Court Lawn Tennis Tournament, as Featured by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

Left: Miss A. E. L. McOstrich

Hamilton Price, the Ref. and Handicapper

Right: E. J. Filby, a young player of whom more will be heard

C. F. Aeschliman, the former Swiss champion, reappears

Left: Mrs. B. Palfi, of Austria, won the first match of the tournament

Left: A. Baird Murray, who bid good-bye to the singles in the first round

Below: J. D. Morris, whose victim was H. S. Purkayastha

Miss Joan Ridley, seen in shorts, made short work of her first-round opponent

Left: Lady D. Pleydell-Bouverie lost to Mrs. Honeyman

Mr. D. Hamlyn, Mr. W. H. Miller, and Mr. A. L. Sharpe, competitors in the Inveresk Golfing Society's Meeting

Two more competitors at the Inveresk Meeting, held at Worplesdon: Mr. J. S. Bradley and Mr. A. Hepworth

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Below: John Olliff, the well-known lawn-tennis player, and his fiancée, Miss Dagny Lindblom, who will shortly be married in Stockholm, where Miss Lindblom's parents reside

HAVING lunched and dined with the Australians, as well as watched them play cricket, I begin to feel I know them fairly well. Not that I intend to presume on the acquaintanceship, but there can be no harm in passing on the information that they are thoroughly good fellows. A nicer lot, indeed, I've never met, and I think I've come across every touring team of any consequence which has visited this country since the war.

THE Australians are all smiles. They fully appreciate the welcome that has been given them, and if their main object is to regain the Ashes, they hope to play plenty of cheerful cricket in between whiles. Some of them, of course, are old friends—Woodfull and Ponsford and Kippax. Woodfull, incidentally, is particularly happy, and Tom Wall is as ready as ever to discuss anything, from metaphysics to metabolism—anything but cricket.

The newcomers, too, are enjoying themselves, though Bromley and Chipperfield dislike our weather intensely. Brown is a pleasant youngster, extremely keen and full of theories. That is one thing that impresses me about these Australians—they do eat and drink and live cricket, so to speak, far more than our own players.

Brown was talking about bowling, and he put forward the unpleasant theory that the next development will be the ball delivered entirely without spin, which will wobble in the air.

This is an outcome of baseball, which is played a great deal in Australia. There are pitchers who can send down this ball, and of one of them in particular Babe Ruth, the American star, has said, "Why, you can count the stitches in the seam as that ball wanders towards you." Very disturbing, it sounds, though you will find it mighty difficult to deliver a cricket-ball legitimately without imparting some kind of rotation to it. The fact remains that we do not yet know everything about flight and spin, though Messrs. O'Reilly and Grimmett, between them, have as much knowledge as is good for them, and rather more than is good for us.

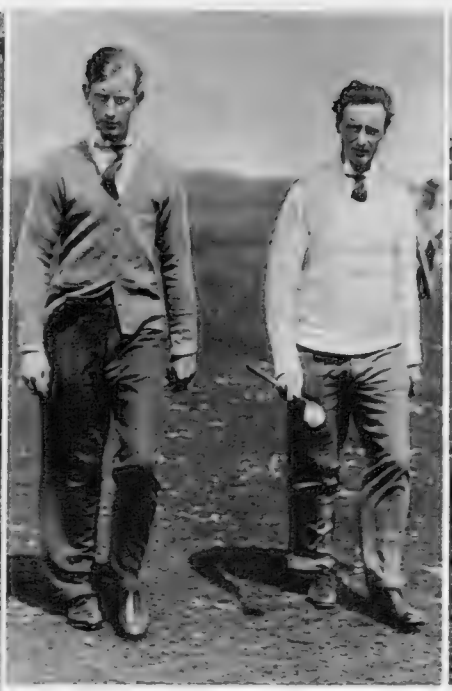
Mr. Bushby, the Australian manager, is extremely friendly, and a wise man into the bargain. The omens for a successful tour are certainly most propitious, which is just as well, with so many people going around saying that Test cricket is on trial this summer.

THAT public interest is as great as ever there can be no doubt: already I have been bombarded with requests for tickets for the Test Matches. By the way, in pavilions and places where they talk, Percy Chapman is running strong favourite for the English captaincy. He is very rightly going all out for it himself, and if only he can make a few runs here and there we shall, I am certain, find him in charge at Nottingham. He would be a very popular choice, and a very sound one, too, for he has that touch of inspiration and the knack of getting the best out of his men which no other candidate for the job has shown.

Meanwhile, Harold Larwood is again reported fit, and he must have bowled with much of his old fire against Somerset in his first try-out. He did enough, at any rate, to prove that his left foot will stand up to the terrific strain he puts upon it.

Then how about the cable from the Melbourne Cricket Club, with its promise to ask spectators to refrain from barracking? A friendly cable, though I thought Viscount Hailsham's reply on behalf of M.C.C. was a little stiff. Still, this is a move in the right direction: if Australia can silence her barrackers, and we can muzzle our sensational journalists—a much more difficult task—all will be well. I am told, indeed, that

Captain G. B. Caulfield, the well-known coach, seen demonstrating an overhead stroke to H. W. Austin, who, willing to learn, has been having a series of regular lessons from him at the Melbury Club, Kensington



Above: Ian A. de Lyle and H. M. Bray, and above, right, T. Simpson and Colonel A. Barker, four players who competed in the Prince of Wales's Cup, won by A. S. G. Thompson, played over the links of the Royal Cinque Ports at Deal

Right: Mrs. F. M. Strawson, who plays for Middlesex, and Mrs. E. Ganson, one of Lancashire's chosen lawn-tennis team. Mrs. Strawson, née Joan Reid Thomas, won the London Covered Court Singles Championship in 1931, and has also represented England v. Germany, at Bremen

the comments of one English journalist in particular during the leg-theory controversy, cabled to Australia, caused most of the trouble. This particular writer knows nothing about cricket, but how were Australians to appreciate that?

I WAS up at Oxford the other day, and they seem pretty optimistic about their cricket chances there, with players like N. S. Mitchell-Innes and F. de Saram coming to the fore. Unfortunately, Schools will interfere seriously with the team selection, and it is particularly unfortunate that A. R. Legard, who has been bowling brilliantly at the nets, should be kept out of the side until the tour.

NOW how about the suggestion that the voice of the bookmaker will, before long, be heard round the centre court at Wimbledon? A little far-fetched, perhaps, but one firm is definitely opening a book, with F. J. Perry as favourite at 3 to 1 against. Undoubtedly Perry will start favourite, if his form at Bournemouth was any criterion; and I think we may reasonably expect great deeds, in the International golfing world, from A. Padgham after his recent record-breaking exploits. Altogether, British sport is on the up-grade—not that I care very much about that.

QUITE definitely I disagree with those who think that Jack Petersen is a better fighter than Walter Neusel, the young German heavy-weight, whose points victory over Tommy Loughran entitles him to a crack at Max Baer or Carnera for the world-title in due course. Readers of this column may recall that I have consistently tipped Neusel as a potential world-beater ever since his first appearance in England a couple of years ago. He is not only fast and strong: he is intelligent, and that is a rare thing among heavy-weights. He does not suffer from the wildness which too often makes Petersen ineffective.

There is one world-title which we seem in some danger of losing, and that is the fly-weight championship, held by Jackie Brown, who is to be challenged for it next month by Al Wolgast, of America. Brown is a good boy, extraordinarily fast, but apt to play to the gallery. He may be all right if he can resist the temptation to be flashy, but if he lets up at all and tries the funny stuff, Wolgast will nail him for sure.

WHO'D be a Selector? One of the biggest problems at the moment is the choosing of the pairs for the Wightman Cup match. Had Evelyn Dearman and Nancy Lyle won at the Hard Court Championships, they must have been chosen, but they were beaten by Mrs. Godfree, whose return to health synchronises with a return to her very best form, so that she can hardly be left out. Her partner at Bournemouth was Susan Noel, who was not in the trials. Then there are Betty Nuthall and Freda James, the holders of the U.S.A. Women's Championship, but they have not done too well lately. So here are three pairs already in the making, and we only want two, and if further complications are required, it may be added that form on rubble and form on grass are two very different things!

Australian Cricketers Old and New

By Howard Marshall

I WENT up to Worcester to see the Australians play their first match, and my road took me in the early morning through the grey Cotswold villages and over the brow of the hill above Broadway, with the blossom-laden vale of Evesham lying below.

Very lovely it was, this English approach to the most English of games, and very lovely the Worcester ground looked in the sunshine, with the Cathedral watching over it from the little hill beyond the river.

A New Pavilion for Dulwich College

This was the way, it seemed to me, to begin the cricket season. We will accept the rigours of Test Matches in due course, but for the moment let us go quietly, allowing ourselves, if it pleases us, time to smoke a pipe and indulge our sentiment.

Cricket, after all, is not to be hurried. We should come upon it unexpectedly, round a corner in the lane; we should pause and lean over the gate and take in the general scene before we begin to ferret out the identities and achievements of the players. And if one of the players happens to be Bradman, and he is making runs, why, then, it is our lucky day.

BRADMAN, after weeks of inactivity, stepped easily into his kingdom, and charmed the hours away. At the beginning of his innings, before he had the feel of it, there were occasional uncertainties, and of these more later; but for the rest, the artist was at work.

And what an artist he is, this Bradman! His technique is richer than it was in 1930, or so that knock of his at Worcester made us believe. There is greater fluency in his stroke-play; greater ease and confidence in his mastery over the attack. He was confident enough when we last saw him, in all conscience, but then his gifts of eye and judgment were backed by studied care. His strokes then were labelled and produced according to plan; now they are instinctive and unpredictable.

It is true that at Worcester everything was in his favour—an easy-paced wicket, and bowling of no real distinction. The ball came through to the bat from the fast-medium Worcestershire attack without added life from the turf, and it was not surprising that Bradman could go back on his right foot to anything short of a length, and force it wide of mid-on to the boundary. He plays that stroke superbly; his late cut is the most delicate of deflections, so compactly made that the ball is away almost before the spectator is aware of it.

Do not imagine, though, that Bradman is in any sense an orthodox batsman. Certainly he outrages the canons of the traditional English style. He can do it, though, with impunity, since he has a natural genius for the game. He can step back and square-cut a ball off his leg-stump, without giving us any impression that he is taking risks. The cross-bat means nothing to him; it is just another way of making runs. He is small, slight, and astonishingly quick on his feet. An opponent, in fact, who almost certainly will give us a great deal of trouble.

THIS brings me back to those minor blemishes at the beginning of Bradman's Worcester innings. He was a little uncertain, it seemed to me, with the ball which went away from him. His bat moved across the line of it, following the errant left foot, and a catch might well have gone somewhere between the wicket-keeper and the gulley. I cannot help thinking that if he has a weakness, it is here, and that a left-hand bowler, like Verity, who can play upon it intelligently, or a faster bowler who makes the ball fizz away from the off-stump, will be most likely to dispose of him.

N. S. Mitchell-Innes

an Oxford Freshman who is fulfilling the promise of his Sedbergh schooldays, when he had an average of 109, by making good scores for his 'Varsity. He made 107 against Gloucestershire, and 69 against Worcestershire in the first innings

Left: a picture of the new pavilion erected on the sports ground of Dulwich College, built at a cost of £8000, which was opened by Sir Kynaston Studd, former Lord Mayor of London. The scene shows a match in progress, played after the opening ceremony

Well, that is enough of Bradman for the present. We shall be talking of him a great deal this summer—more often, I dare say, than we really want to, though whenever he makes runs we shall enjoy ourselves.

WHAT of the other Australians? Woodfull and Ponsford have the accustomed brick-wall look about them; and Bromley, a left-hander, may bother our bowlers considerably. Bromley, incidentally, is a glorious field.

As for the Australian attack, we shall be foolish if we underrate it. Clarrie Grimmett has lost none of his cunning; his arm still sweeps the bails as it comes over, and he still flights and spins the ball like a wizard. He will take a great many county wickets, and, on sterner occasions, we shall have to reckon with him.

Ebeling did not, at Worcester, appear to be anything out of the way—fastish, quite a nice action, but without particular venom. Wall was merely loosening up; here is a trier if ever there was one, a bowler to be treated with respect.

There remains O'Reilly, and he is likely to trouble us more than any of them. His action is awkward, and he drops his body as he delivers the ball, but his long arm is supple, and he has a perfect command of length and spin at medium pace. He makes the ball go both ways; he has a wrong 'un and a cleverly concealed fast one, and he bowls with real intelligence. O'Reilly should like English wickets. Whether English batsmen will like him is quite another matter.

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C.F.H. 45

Women's Golf : *By Eleanor E. Helme*

Up North!

DEAR BYSTANDER,

YORKSHIRE and Lancashire have both played their Championships this year on fresh courses: Yorkshire at Kirk Ella, Hull, and Lancashire at Bolton. Both counties were brave, for those who win county championships are very apt to get into a groove, and go only to those courses which are easily accessible and whose charms they already know. Foolish, no doubt, for there is nothing so educational as feeling your way round an unknown course; but there it is, and breaking new ground is so good for counties, as well as individuals. In the case of Yorkshire, at all events, it was quantity more than quality that suffered from the excursion into their far east, for it is really rather difficult to imagine that anybody would have beaten Miss Mary Johnson, or played finer golf than she did, whoever might have competed in a more central neighbourhood. She was away like a flash, with a couple of 78's in the qualifying, which, I feel sure, left some people gasping, for no woman had ever dared to break 80 round Kirk Ella in a competition.

Miss Wilkinson (Gosforth), with Mrs. Percy (Alnmouth), the holder of the Northumberland Women's Golf Championship, ringing the "All clear" bell at the eleventh green on the Hexham Course. It is a blind hole

After that she won her first two matches with such ease that it was not a question of doing something in the 70's again; something in the late 40's or early 50's was quite enough for the number of holes that she had to play. Miss Judith Fowler, in the semi-final, was quite a different story, for she and Miss Mary Johnson were locked in conflict for twenty long holes, and Miss Johnson only won with a fine 4 at the 20th. Miss Fowler has been so busy winning championships with her sable rabbits lately, that her golfing merits are sometimes forgotten. Not even Miss Johnson herself is a more beautiful putter than she, and I would have given a great deal to see that match. The final must have been worth watching, too, Miss Johnson winning 3 and 2 from Miss Barbara Lees, who partnered her to victory in the Northern Foursomes.

To return to Lancashire. They have found a brand-new champion, in Miss Winifred Berry, who once had the distinction of being the tallest competitor in the Girls' Championship. Last year she was a semi-finalist in the Lancashire Championship, and was only beaten there at the 19th hole by Mrs. Soulby, so nobody had any business to be surprised when, this year, she won it, except that her place in the county side last year had been a lowly one. Miss Firth, the holder, could not defend her title, owing to the illness of her father. Mrs. Newton's was another famous name missing, so was Mrs. Barbour's; but Miss Berry had the satisfaction of beating Mrs. W. H. Wood, from Manchester, in the first round, followed by Mrs. Curran, Mrs. E. B. Walker (who was a kind friend to our N.P.F.A. competition at Hesketh last month), and in the final, Mrs. Parker, who had the advantage of being on her home course, by 3 and 2. Mrs. Parker had carried off the Carr Challenge Gold Medal for the best scratch score of the morning round in the qualifying with 83. Miss Berry, by the way, took the aggregate with 165, so that she really, and beyond doubt, dominated the meeting. If anybody is inclined to say the scoring was high, they ought to remember that Bolton greens are both sloping and fast, and even the lovely weather and the hospitality of the club—both beyond praise—could not make it altogether easy to get into the hole.

If Lancashire have a fresh champion, Northumberland, on the other hand, have one who has proved her worth over and over again; to be precise, this makes her seventh win in the last ten years. Need I tell you that this is "One-Putt Percy"? Hexham was the venue, a course of which my most vivid recollection is the absolute perfection of its fairways and greens. The whole of it was like those beautifully-kept lawns that used to surround the shrubberies of baronial mansions before so many of the latter were turned into golf clubs or institutions. I once saw Mrs. Percy beat Miss Mabel Wragg at Hexham in a county match, and I can well believe she would beat most other people there.

We look like having a very representative entry for BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes. Couples are coming in fast, so that anybody who is considering the matter had better send in their form quickly—it is on page iv this week—and do their considering afterwards.—Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Mary Johnson

who, in three years, won the Yorkshire Championship twice and was once a runner-up. A runner-up, also, in the English Championships last year, she won the recent "Bystander" Northern Foursomes, when partnered with Miss Barbara Lees

"Bystander" Women's Golf Competitions: April Monthly Medal Results

Thirty spoons are awarded in each L.G.U. Handicap Division each summer month for the best net scores relative to the Scratch Scores of the courses played on. From October to March, inclusive, fifteen spoons are given in each Division. Shortest handicaps win in the event of ties for last places. Full particulars will be sent on application.

Silver Division (Handicaps of 18 and under)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Mrs. A. M. G. Smith	Chevin	80	18	67	75	8 below
Miss Jean Burles	Gerrards Cross	81	12	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Tate	Camberley Heath	87	17	70	75	5 "
Miss G. E. Waller	Scotscraig	86	15	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Tyler	Wallasey	86	16	70	75	5 "
Miss A. J. Kirkman	West Lancashire	80	11	69	73	4 "
Mrs. S. E. M. Briggs	West Lancashire	81	12	69	73	4 "
Miss Welchman	Hockley	84	16	68	72	4 "
Mrs. G. Driver	Chilwell Manor	87	17	70	74	4 "
Miss P. Carter	Hockley	85	17	68	72	4 "
Mrs. Ambrose	Camberley Heath	90	18	72	75	3 "
Miss Willington	Yelverton	91	18	73	76	3 "
Mrs. Alan Macbeth	Bowdon	77	4	73	75	2 "
Mrs. A. E. Parkes	Trentham	78	5	73	75	2 "
Mrs. Hughes	Camberley Heath	84	11	73	75	2 "
Miss Nan Baird	Hesketh	77	4	73	74	1 "
Mrs. Bason	Hesketh	79	4	75	76	1 "
Miss E. Totlow	Huddersfield	85	9	76	77	1 "
Miss D. M. Birchenough	Prestbury & Upton	84	9	75	76	1 "
Miss Leschallas	North Hants	90	15	74	75	1 "
Mrs. J. O. Fane	Basingstoke	88	15	73	74	1 "
Miss Vera Riley	Worsley	89	16	73	74	1 "
Miss M. G. Roberts	Warrington	91	17	74	75	1 "
Mrs. G. W. N. Nicholls	Birkdale	93	18	75	76	1 "
Mrs. Barbour	Birkdale	81	5	76	76	equal
Mrs. Robertson	Camberley Heath	84	9	75	75	"
Miss D. R. Wooding	Kingsthorpe	84	10	74	74	"
Mrs. W. McCaig	Wallasey	88	13	75	75	"
Mrs. J. B. Watson	Gullane	75	plus 1	76	75	1 above
Miss Jean Priest	Huddersfield	88	10	78	77	1 "

Bronze Division (Handicaps of 19 and over)

Name.	Club.	Gross Score.	Handi-cap.	Net Score.	Scratch Score.	Strokes above or below S.S.
Miss Betty Peters	Moor Park	95	30	65	75	10 below
Mrs. Waters	Olton	99	35	64	74	10 "
Mrs. Widdowson	Chilwell Manor	100	36	64	74	10 "
Miss Trengrouse	North Worcestershire	98	36	62	72	10 "
Mrs. Hartley	Camberley Heath	88	21	67	75	8 "
Mrs. A. Wainwright	Worsley	88	22	66	74	8 "
Miss J. Kirby	Birkdale	103	35	68	75	8 "
Miss E. Oswald Thomas	Newport	102	36	66	74	8 "
Mrs. Roe	Northampton	91	23	68	75	7 "
Mrs. Newell	Didsbury	95	27	68	75	7 "
Miss G. M. Clements	Coxmoor	96	31	65	72	7 "
Miss R. Russell	Wanstead	103	35	68	75	7 "
Mrs. E. C. Cartwright	Tamworth	101	35	66	73	7 "
Mrs. O. H. Williams	Woolton	101	36	65	72	7 "
Miss Naish	Camberley Heath	91	23	69	75	6 "
Miss B. Curnow	Seacroft	99	29	70	76	6 "
Mrs. MacGillycuddy	North Hants	89	19	70	75	5 "
Mrs. Gordon Scott	Heswall	98	24	69	74	5 "
Mrs. Charles Vachell	Harborne	96	25	71	76	5 "
Mrs. E. H. Taylor	Halifax West End	100	33	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Harold Martin	Birkdale	104	33	71	76	5 "
Mrs. Walmsley	Hockley	103	36	67	72	5 "
Mrs. Stanborough	Shirley Park	106	36	70	75	5 "
Mrs. P. T. Maides	Shirley Park	106	36	70	75	5 "
Miss Gwyneth Fitch	Tamworth	94	25	69	73	4 "
Mrs. Dedman	Shirley Park	98	27	71	75	4 "
Miss M. D. Race	Worsley	98	28	70	74	4 "
Mrs. Mallinson	Hockley	100	32	68	72	4 "
Mrs. G. B. Smith	Sale	102	33	69	73	4 "
Dr. Hendrie	Northampton	99	27	72	75	3 "

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The Low Standard of Amateur Golf

By F. G. L. Fairlie

A. S. G. Thompson

Winner of the Prince of Wales's Cup at Deal with a score of 154. C. J. H. Tolley was second with 155

Left: W. C. Carr and N. A. Keith waiting at the eighteenth tee when competing for the Prince of Wales's Cup, which was played at Deal

Competitors for the Prince of Wales's Cup, at the Royal Cinque Ports, Deal

Lt.-Col. H. M. Ozanne and Capt. W. A. Roscow at the fourth tee

R. Rutherford and G. E. G. Millard making up their score

THE amateurs of this country have, during the past week, indulged in an orgy of medal play. It started on Wednesday, with the Spring Medal of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, which was won by Dennis Kyle in the remarkable score of 72—which, I understand, is a record for this competition—with Roger Wethered second, three strokes behind.

On the same day, at Walton Heath, the *Golf Illustrated* Gold Vase was won by W. L. Hartley, from a field which suffered badly from the fact that this event clashed with the Spring Medal at St. Andrews. Then, on the Saturday, the St. George's Champion Grand Challenge Cup was decided over the links of the Royal St. George's Club, at Sandwich. This has always been considered the amateur championship of score play, and this year it was won by a young amateur from Mid-Kent, in A. G. S. Penman, who, frankly, has never previously made his mark in amateur golf. He won entirely because of a remarkable first round of 73. This may not sound a particularly good score, but the day was quite as bad as one could find for playing, for not only did a gale interfere not a little with the intentions of the players, but also it poured with rain all the morning, and well into the afternoon. It is true that Penman had less of the appalling weather than the early starters, but this must not be allowed to detract from what was a very meritorious performance in any circumstances, and particularly good in the conditions which prevailed.

L. G. Crawley did a little more to rehabilitate himself in the ranks of the leading amateurs of this country, and must have been delighted in that he defeated all four of the Walker Cup players present in the field.

ON the following day, the Prince of Wales's Cup, at Deal, was competed for under the same conditions as the Royal St. George's Challenge Cup. It was a much more pleasant day on which to play golf, although the wind remained strongly in evidence; but the sun was out and there was no rain. This event, which, although it was impressive with regard to the entry, was not so well attended as had been the St. George's Cup on the previous day, still was one which included most of the good golfers, and three of our Walker Cup players. It also was won by a comparatively unknown amateur, in the person of A. S. G. Thompson, from Aldeburgh, whose total of 154, without being brilliant, was really quite good. It enabled him to win by one stroke from Cyril Tolley, who had a grand round of 74 in the afternoon, and J. B. Stevenson, of Troon, who had the same total and the same scores. Tolley was extremely impressive, as one expected him to be, when the conditions were difficult for others. He went out in 37, which was not particularly good, but he came home in 37, which was quite brilliant, for anybody who knows Deal will realise that those long holes home against the wind were a trial and a tribulation rather than a pleasure to most of the players. It was very pleasant to see Cyril Tolley playing so majestically and well so near the time when we all hope and expect that he will beat an American.

I AM now going to write words which nothing would induce me to write were it not for the fact that by the time these words will appear in print the Walker Cup match will be over and done with, and therefore nothing that I can say will interfere with the morale of the players competing for Great Britain. I am going to say, quite definitely, that I consider the quality of the golf played during this week-end—and it must be noted that most of the leading players, certainly of England, were competing—was lamentably bad. It is perfectly true, as I have indicated, that the conditions were all against low scores, but it is absurd that a field which included players who supposedly are class amateur golfers, should take so many strokes to get round the courses.

LET us consider for a moment these two competitions in one, and assume that the 72 holes were played on end in one competition, just as the Open Championship is played. If we do, we get the following results: Penman, with an aggregate of 310, is two strokes ahead of J. B. Stevenson, of Troon; next comes Cyril Tolley, with 314; P. D. Miller, with 315; Major S. K. Thorburn, with 318; and then J. B. Beck and A. D. Cave, with 319. These scores, I contend, speak for themselves. Even though the conditions were against low scores, they are much too high. I have no doubt at all that if three or four of the American golfers at present training at St. Andrews for the Walker Cup match had been in the field they could, without much difficulty, have filled the first four places.

I say quite definitely that these results show a lack of class in our amateur play. I think it is pretty true to say that Cyril Tolley was about the only amateur golfer competing in the event who could be described as a class golfer, and I offer this hint: the young players of to-day are most erroneously delighted with their golf—and a good, firm wind and a spot of rain to put them off is the best lesson they can have.

In the interval . . .

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A 1934 Morris Ten-Four saloon used by its owner as an overland tender between his home and his yacht at anchor at Burnham-on-Crouch

What the New H.-P. Tax Means : By the Earl of Cardigan

To the ordinary motorist, the reduction in the rate of horse-power tax must have appeared as one of the more attractive features of the recent Budget. Indeed, it would be churlish not to be grateful for it. On the other hand, there must be many to whom a mere reduction, in place of the long-hoped-for alteration of the whole basis of motor taxation, will have come rather as a disappointment.

As a private individual I, personally, shall be glad enough of the few pounds per annum which this reduction will save me. As a patriotic supporter of the British motor industry, however, I would almost have preferred to have my contribution increased, provided only that some of the worst features of our horse-power taxation system could have been utterly abolished.

This is a bold statement to make; and yet I believe that it is justified, both by the inherent faults of horse-power taxation in general, and by the absurdities of our own system in particular.

The Humber "Twelve" looking for hills to conquer, and conquering them. One of these attractive models is seen here making light of the Hardknott Pass in Lakeland. This £265 saloon possesses astonishing life and power

The general objection to a horse-power tax, of course, is that its tendency is to encourage people to buy small cars rather than big ones. This must be the case, no matter whether the rate per h.p. is £1, 15s., or only 7s. 6d.

So far as our home market is concerned, the advantage given to the small car does no harm. It may even be beneficial, owing to the greater mobility of the small car in congested streets. The trouble arises when we try to sell our cars abroad.

There is no doubt that, other things being equal, the foreign purchaser prefers a car to be of substantial power. He may use a small car during a "slump" period, or if he has particular reason for wishing to economise in petrol, but a large car usually meets his requirements better.

Now, it is not really practical for a manufacturer to build a car solely with a view to overseas sales. If he cannot sell it on a fairly large scale at home, then it is very doubtful whether he can market it in sufficient numbers to ensure a profit at the low price which keen competition abroad will force upon him.

This is where the British manufacturer, with very few exceptions, comes to grief. He can build a small car, and enjoy large sales at home. He can build a large car, and do his best to work up sales abroad. It is almost impossible for him, however, to achieve that degree of success, both in home and foreign markets, which alone will gain for him a world-wide reputation.

We see, then, that any form of horse-power tax tends to develop an "insular" type of car, acceptable to those motorists who are subject to the tax, but, naturally, not so acceptable to foreign motorists whose choice is unaffected by this purely artificial consideration. Without enquiring further, we may condemn such a tax as bad and mischievous.

As to the particular absurdity of our own method of reckoning horse power for taxation purposes, this is fairly widely admitted and known. There is positively no relation between the actual horse power developed by a given engine and the British "rated" horse power on which its tax is based. It would be quite possible to design two engines, one developing 40 h.p. and the other 100 h.p., on each of which the tax would be, let us say, a level £25! Can futility go further?

Unfortunately, it can.

It would also be possible to design two engines, each developing 100 h.p., so that one engine would pay £25, and the other £40 in tax. If this were done, the engine paying the smaller tax would enjoy, in this country, much the greater success. On the other hand, apart from the question of tax, it is possible, and even probable, that the engine paying the heavier tax would actually be the better power unit of the two!

Personally, I can imagine several forms of beneficial taxation. Let us think of some of the qualities which the international purchaser demands of his motor-car. In the first place, I suppose, he requires that it shall be cheap.

This at once gives us a pointer. Why not a tax based on the first cost of the car—perhaps 3 or 4 per cent. per annum? This would encourage cheap cars; and cheap cars, all the world over, are sure to be saleable.

Then, again, all motorists appreciate economy of running. Why not a substantial tax on petrol, and perhaps also on oil? This would encourage manufacturers, both of large and small cars, to devote special study to a feature which is internationally recognised as being important.

I would go so far, indeed, as to suggest that almost any such tax would be preferable to a tax on horse power. To select the one quality—power—which chiefly makes a car saleable in the markets of the world, and then to impose a tax on it—this, surely, is neither good sense nor good finance.

The new super Silver Crossley saloon, a very fast car fitted with a two-litre engine and a complete equipment, including thermostatic radiator shutters, Wilson pre-selector self-changing gear-box, flush-fitting direction-indicators, etc.

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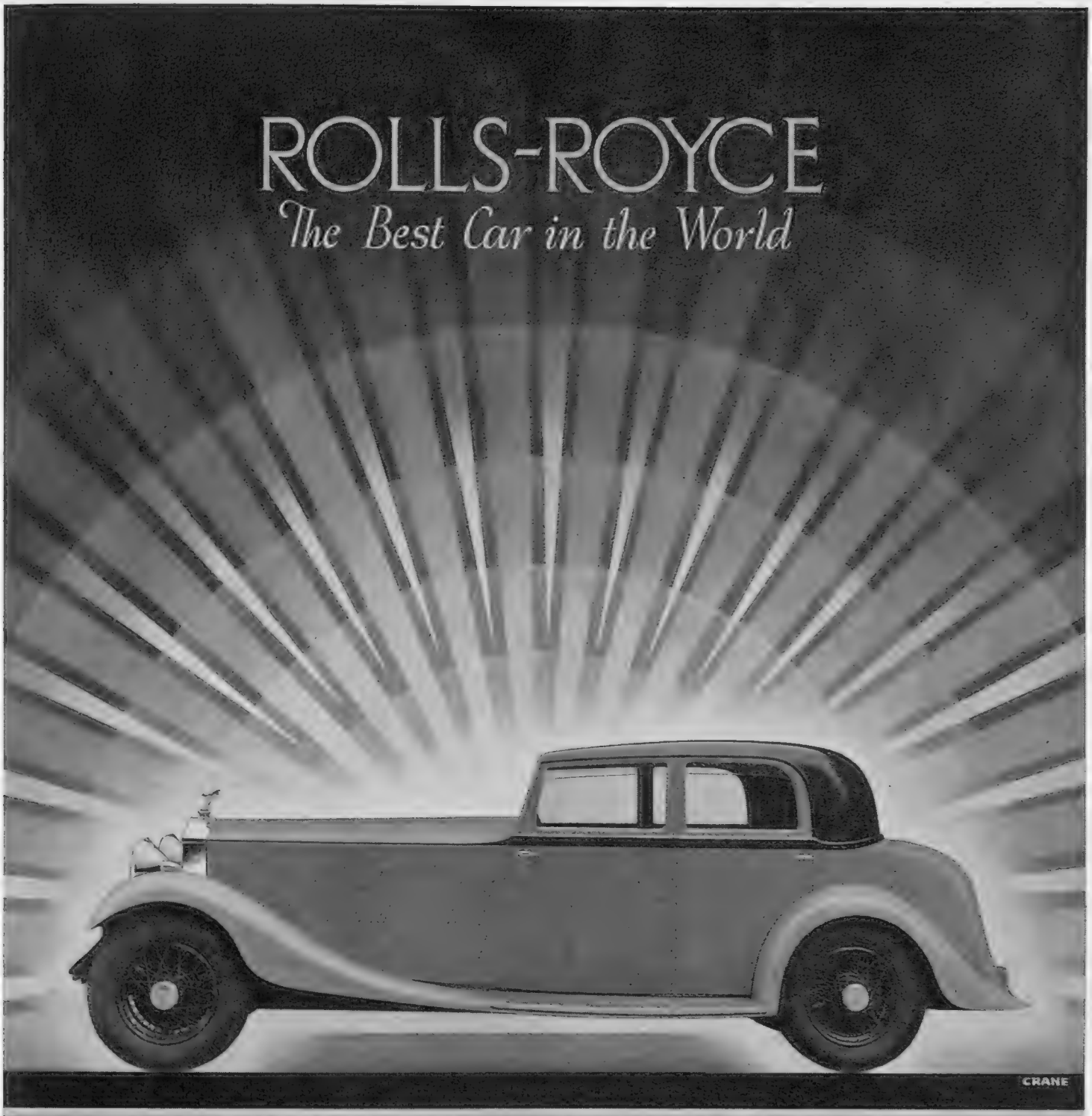

"The Rolls-Royce is more than a mere carriage for those who can afford the best; it carries right across the world the fair name of Britain as the producer of the best that the world has yet seen in automobiles. The whole chassis is conceived and executed not only by master minds but by the hands of artists." *"Autocar"*

Lady Young, wife of the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, is one of the most experienced of women pilots, having more than 200 hours in her log-book. She is frequently to be seen at Heston, flying a Moth or an Avro Cadet

Air Cruising to the Continent for Whitsun : By Charles Ward

What's On in the Air?

So much, that telegraphic brevity must be the order of the week. There is to be a flight through Austria for private owners at Whitsun which has been organised by the Austrian Aero Club. Pilots who cannot take part in the whole tour, which extends from May 19th to the 27th, should communicate with the Royal Aero Club for details of the proportionate sum payable for accommodation. Owners who intend to compete for the King's Cup should remember that entries close on Friday next at 5 p.m., after which time a double fee is payable until the 30th of the month. The London Club's garden-party is due on Sunday, June 3rd, with the usual demonstrations and competitions, both aerial and terrestrial. Reading Club is at home on June 9th, when the annual Ladies' Race takes place for the Northesk Cup. A Scholarship Fund is being opened on that day for the benefit of boys who are learning to fly at Reading, but have insufficient money to complete their tests or keep in practice. A process of elimination by the instructors will seed those most efficient, who will be given £1 an hour towards their flying if the boys themselves provide the balance of sixteen shillings. Members and visitors are asked to contribute bottles for the cocktail-bar, the whole of the proceeds of which will be given to the Fund. Dancing, fortune-telling, and possibly Gracie Fields, are other attractions on that day. The R.A.F. Flying Club is holding its Display at Hatfield on Saturday, June 16th. From its programme it would appear to be the most comprehensive private display of the year and well worth attending. The Club was formed last year to provide civil flying facilities for Service officers at a moderate rate and is open to all, both past and present, in the commissioned ranks of the air arm.

Pigeons versus Aeroplanes

A pigeon, which is reputed to be a fast bird on the wing and was in great demand at one time as an air-mail carrier, took four hours to deliver a message from the Secretary of State for Air at the Horticultural Hall to the Postmaster-General in the City. This is to be the last experiment of its kind. The P.M.G. and the Secretary of State have decided to abandon breeding pigeons and to concentrate on the development of high-speed aeroplanes for mail-carrying. During 1933 more than 170 tons of British letters and parcels were transported by air. Rates are still too high and somewhat bewildering in their complexity. A much-needed reform is a flat rate for all air mail to any destination in the Empire, this being the first stage towards an international agreement to simplify charges to foreign countries. Several types of mail-carriers will be on show at the R.A.F. Display which will be held at Hendon, on Saturday, June 30th. The mail 'plane is a type which we have neglected, owing to the absence of a demand from the operating companies for a machine to carry mails only.

an AERODYNAMIC SALOON for £198!

Recognising aerodynamic coachwork as an essential to fast and economically running motor vehicles, Renault introduced at Olympia last year a fine range of these bodies on the 6 and 8 cyl. chassis. Renault now leads again by extending this type of coachwork to the comparatively inexpensive 4 cyl. chassis.

Both the 12 H.P. and 13.9 H.P. models will in future be available with luxurious "Airline" bodies *without alteration in price.*

Transverse rear springing, rubber engine mountings, synchro gears, aud other well-known Renault features are of course continued. Write for new "Airline" literature.

PRICES :

12 h.p. Airline Saloon	£198
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12 h.p. Drop-head Coupé	£250
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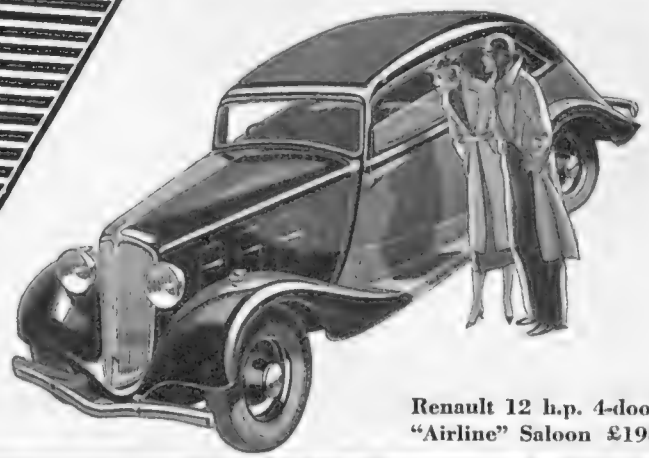

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And it is all yours, for the hiking!

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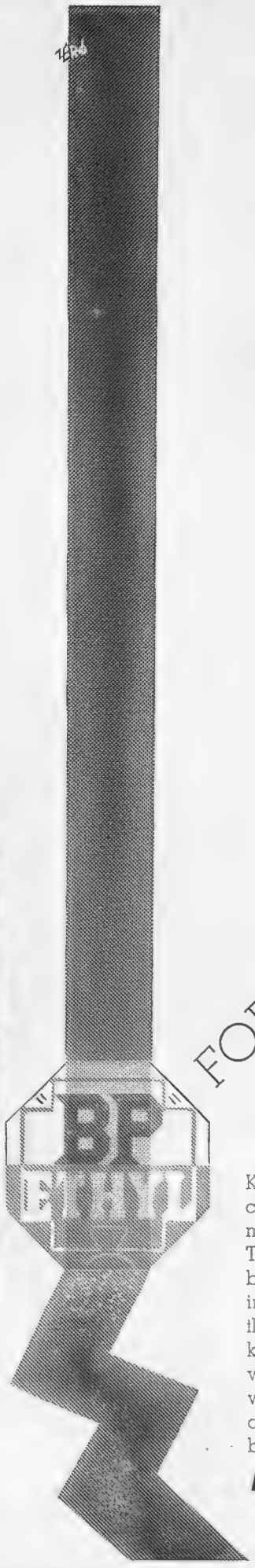

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"The Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES (11th Year)

at North Berwick, JUNE 12 to 15, 1934

Holders: Mrs. H. V. Newton and Miss J. Firth

Entries close Friday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. Helme, The Bystander Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, May 25th.

The Bystander reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTELS

The Bystander Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Royal Hotel, North Berwick*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive. Special terms also at *Marine Hotel, North Berwick*; 16s. 6d. per day, single room; or 15s. each if sharing a double room.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at North Berwick on June 12th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

All entries for The Bystander *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* The Bystander *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* The Bystander, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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ENTRY FORM

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Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at North Berwick with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of .....*Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap*.....

Home Address .....

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Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 8th to her at Royal Hotel, North Berwick. Telephone: 3 North Berwick.

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Your Chemist Stocks Them

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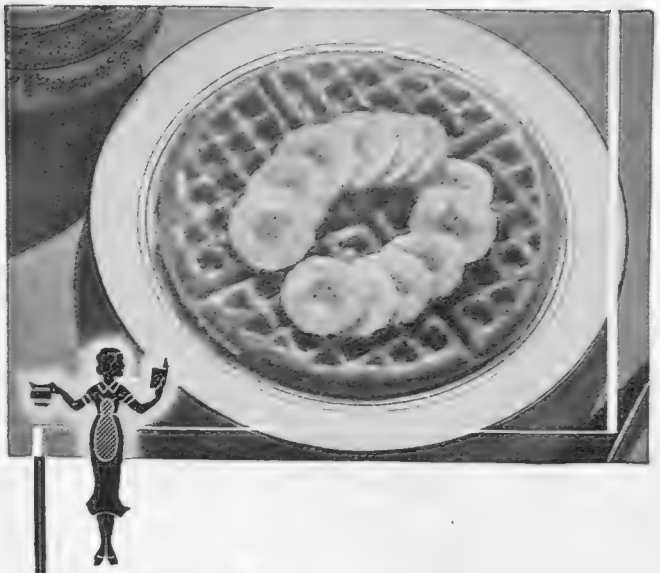

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Thos. Cook and Son, with their usual initiative, are providing the opportunity of seeing Germany by the introduction of an all-inclusive Grand Tour at an attractive all-in fare. This tour includes 2200 miles of travel, and provides for really good hotels, and extensive sightseeing in all the places visited. The services of competent Tour Managers and local guides ensure a perfect understanding of all that passes before the visitor. Thus, an intelligent survey of Germany is obtained, beginning with the capital, Berlin, and proceeding via Dresden, Bayreuth, Munich, Oberammergau (with seats for the Passion Play), Nuremberg, the mediæval towns of Dinkelsbuhl and Rothenburg, Heidelberg, down the Rhine to Cologne, thence home via Flushing and Harwich.

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THE THEATRE

Plays

ALL 'S OVER, THEN?—Lennox Robinson's new and very serious play, with Lilian Braithwaite in a tragic rôle; Owen Nares as her husband, Viola Keats as their daughter: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

BIOGRAPHY.—Behrman's highbrow comedy is played with speed, intelligence, and humour by Ina Claire, as the fastidiously easy-living portrait-painter, and Laurence Olivier, as her intolerant young journalist friend: Globe, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the Counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top pace: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Monday).

THE DARK TOWER.—A play by George Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott, with Francis Sullivan as the sadistic husband who 's murdered; Edna Best as his wife, and Basil Sydney: Shaftesbury.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Francis Lister as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that 's full of excitement and horror: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner, victim of Sanger egotism in Margaret Kennedy's slender comedy, imbues her part with all the vitality, variety and inimitable gaiety and pathos of her personality and art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh perfectly matched in the sensitive vitality and beauty of their playing as Gordon Daviot's young artist and the woman who inspires, loves, and looks after him: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit, and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE.—Granville Barker's fine comedy revived, with Felix Aylmer, Maurice Evans, Dame May Whitty, Joyce Bland, in the cast: Sadler's Wells, 8.30. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GEISHA.—Rose Hignell as the authentic, and Bertha Riccardo as the English geishas; the songs have lasted better than the comedy in this revival: Garrick, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters; Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—Nelson Keys, Florence Desmond, and the Diamond Brothers are the high-lights of this star-ish revue: Palace, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

GOOD - MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE LOVES ME NOT.—Speed, wisecracks, and a hundred-and-one absurd complications make first-class entertainment in this American "rag"; Vera Marshe as Curley Flagg, a blonde cabaret girl, heads the quick-witted American contingent in the cast: Adelphi, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee has now taken Robert Douglas's part: Phœnix, 8.30. Mon., Thurs., 2.30.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Arthur Wontner, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

TOUCHWOOD.—Dodie Smith's comedy of the search for happiness is set in a Scottish hotel, with Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Oriel Ross, Ian Hunter in the cast: Haymarket, May 16th.

NO WAY BACK.—A play by Graham Hope, with Mary Clare, Sophie Stewart, Esme Church, Douglas Jeffries: Whitehall, May 17th.

OPERA AND DANCING

COVENT GARDEN.—*Schwanda*, conducted by Clemens Krauss, May 15th, 8.30; *Siegfried*, May 16th, 5.45; *Arabella*, by Richard Strauss, first performance in England, conducted by Clemens Krauss, May 17th, 8; *Götterdämmerung*, May 18th, 5.15; *Arabella*, May 21st, 8.

CINEMAS

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner as the Russian Empress; the great actress's first English film continues its long success: Marble Arch Pavilion.

CRAINQUEBILLE.—Tramel as the hero of Anatole France's famous study of Parisian coster life: Academy.

FASHIONS OF 1934.—Racketeering in the fashion world is perpetrated by William Powell and Bette Davis, with lovely mannequins all around: Regal.

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT.—Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert make an excellent sentimental team in an amusing comedy, directed by Frank Capra: Tivoli.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders, has its world première: New Gallery.

RAPT.—World première of this story of the mountains, with Dito Parlo and Vital as stars: Curzon.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

SCARLET EMPRESS.—Marlene Dietrich appears, an interesting contrast to the Bergner, as Catherine of Russia: Carlton.

THE TRUMPET BLOWS.—A new star part for George Raft, with Adolph Menjou and Frances Drake also there: Plaza.

VIVA VILLA.—Wallace Beery in a drama all about Mexican bandits, with Fay Wray and Katherine de Mille: Empire.

WILD BOY.—A greyhound-racing film, with Mick the Miller as hero, and supporting him Sonnie Hale, Lyn Harding, Leonora Corbett, Gwyneth Lloyd: Capitol.

MUSIC

Orchestral

LONDON MUSIC FESTIVAL.—With B.B.C. Orchestra, Handel's B minor Concerto Grosso, Brahms' piano Concerto No. 2, played by Wilhelm Backhaus, and Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, conducted by Bruno Walter: Queen's Hall, May 16th, 8.15.

Recitals

ISIDOR ACHRON.—First recital in London: Aeolian Hall, to-night, 8.30.

FREDERICK GRINKE AND DOROTHY MANLEY.—Violin and piano sonata recital: Wigmore Hall, May 17th, 8.30.

EDWIN FISCHER.—Piano recital: Aeolian Hall, May 17th, 8.15.

HARRIET COHEN.—Her piano-recital programme includes the first performance of Bax's Sonata No. 4: Wigmore Hall, May 18th, 8.30.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL TOURNAMENT.—Pageantry, riding and jumping, physical training; the Army, Navy and Air Force show themselves as England's best entertainers: Olympia, from May 17th.

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CATHLEEN MANN.—Exhibition of portraits and costume designs: Knoedler's Galleries, Bond Street, to May 19th.

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House.

LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION CHAMPIONSHIP SHOW: Crystal Palace, May 16th—17th.

(*Continued on page* D)

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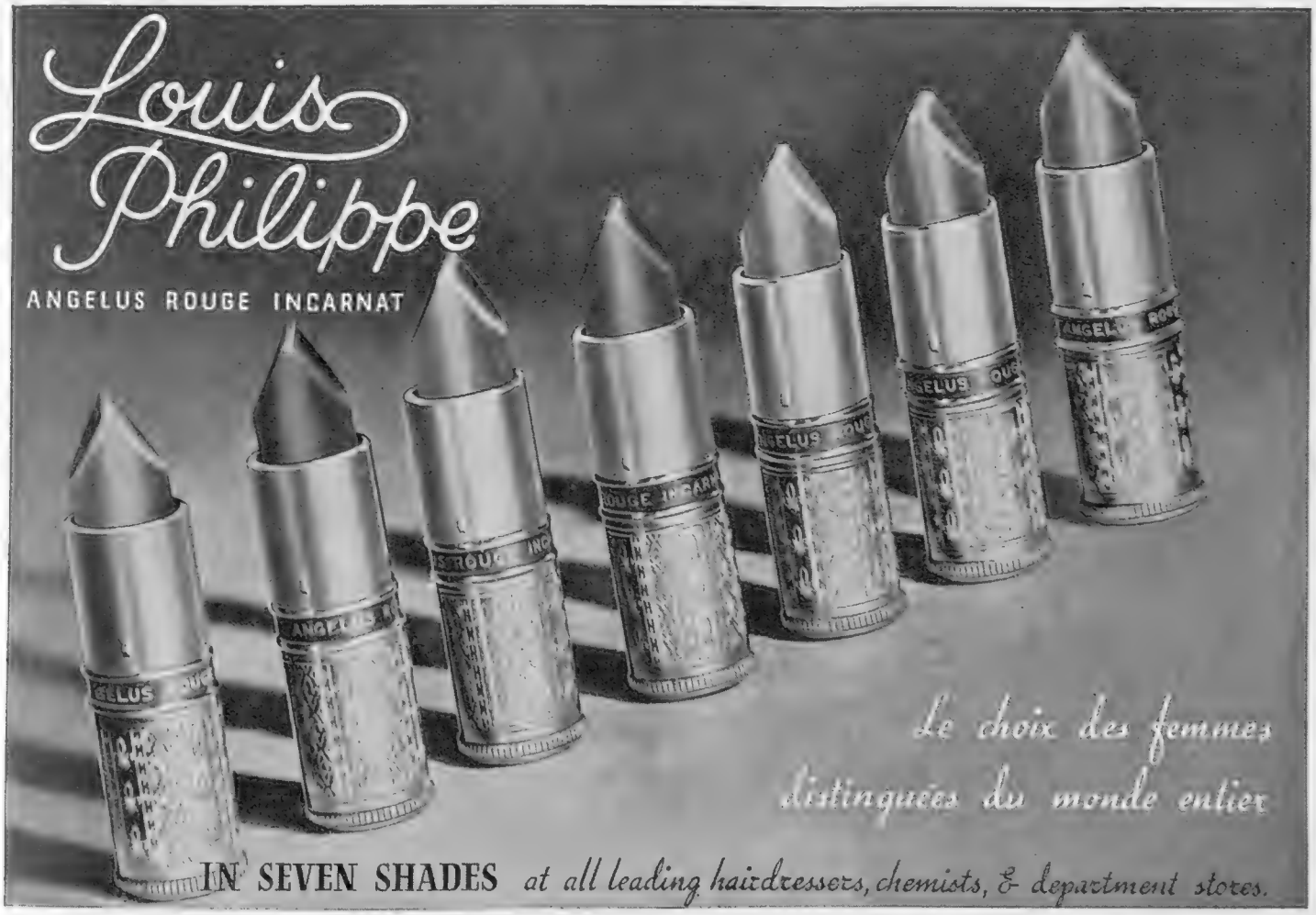

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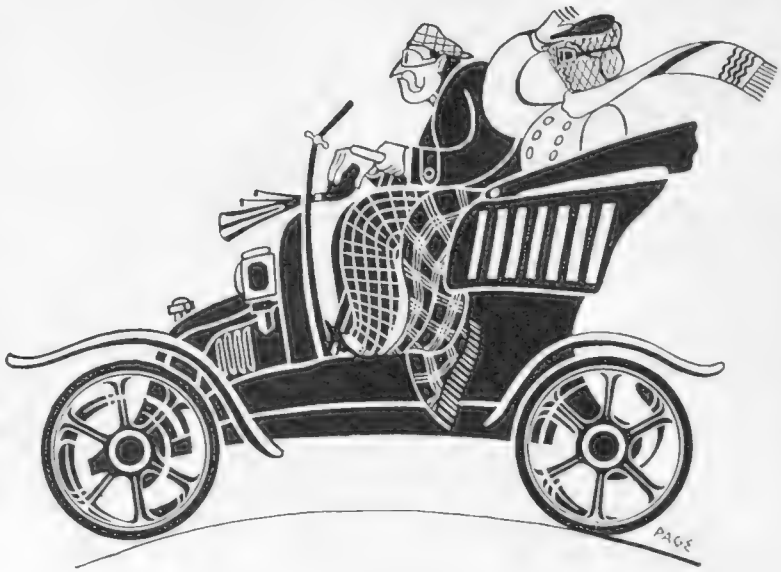

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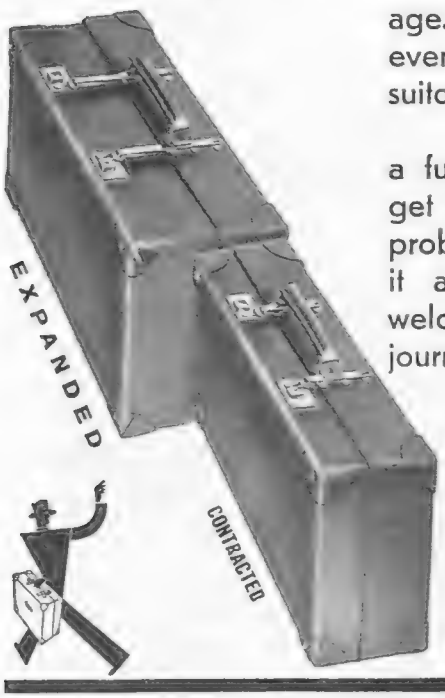

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Sophie Tucker, "first and last of the red-hot mommas," is here for a short season; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Dare Lea and his band play dance music and the Three Rhythm Aces play and sing in cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—The Paradise Club Girls are here now, loveliest of all, with Edith Roarke as queen-lovely, Sunny O'Rea as star dancer: Jack Jackson's band plays.

GAY ADVENTURE.—Esher.—A place to dine and dance outside London; the swimming-pool is now open.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday.

MONSEIGNEUR.—Beatrice Lillie is back here, with her songs and mimicry; Jack Harris makes music to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

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SPORT

CRICKET.—Australia v. M.C.C.: Lord's, last day of three days' match to-day.

GOLF.—Open Amateur Tournament: Bournemouth, to May 19th.

British Open Championship (Women): Royal Porthcawl, to May 17th.

TENNIS.—Chiswick (H.C.), to May 19th.

West Kensington (H.C.), to May 19th.

Surbiton.—Grass court season opens May 21st—26th.

POLO.—Whitney Cup. Semi-final, May 16th Final, May 19th: Hurlingham.

Army v. Hurlingham: Hurlingham, May 21st.

Buenos Aires Challenge Cup: Ranelagh, from May 21st.

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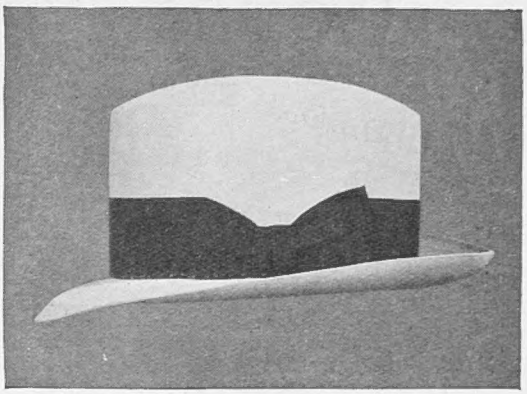

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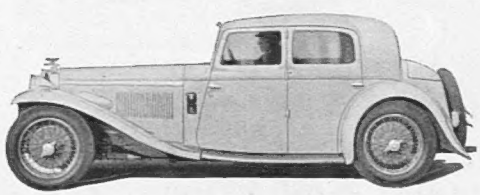

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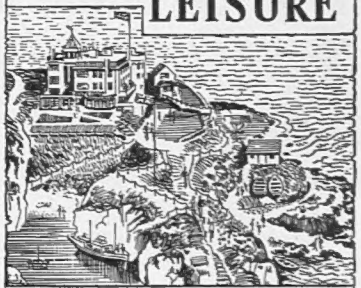

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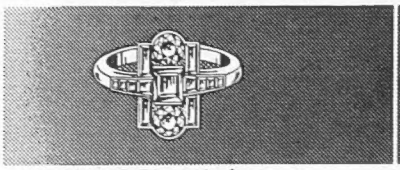

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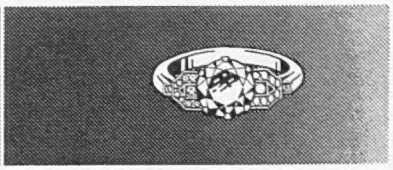

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Godiva: "Well, I was out this morning for a trial canter over the course. Naturally I wanted my form kept secret."

Duggie: "Naturally—and you were observed?"

Godiva: "Yes. A young man was in hiding and spied on me."

Duggie: "How shameful. Who was he?"

Godiva: "His name is Peeping Tom. He has confessed—made a clean breast of it. Oh, I can't bear it. I shall never get the price I had hoped for."

Duggie: "That's where you're mistaken. This is such an odd thing for a lady to do that I will give you any odds you like. What had you intended to put on?"

Godiva: "Nothing at all."

Duggie: "This certainly is the strangest bet I've ever struck."

Godiva: "But I only want to back myself for a place in British History."

Duggie: "In that case you have won. I will let you have a cheque for your winnings."

Godiva: "How marvellous of you. My enthusiasm for the ride was cooling but you have renewed it. But as I am putting nothing on, what are you going to give me?"

Duggie: "Just a blank cheque, my dear lady, just a blank cheque."

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